MARGINAL NOTES AT SAN FRANCISCO . . By Richard L. Neuberger

JUN 1 '45

THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

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by Frank Kingdon
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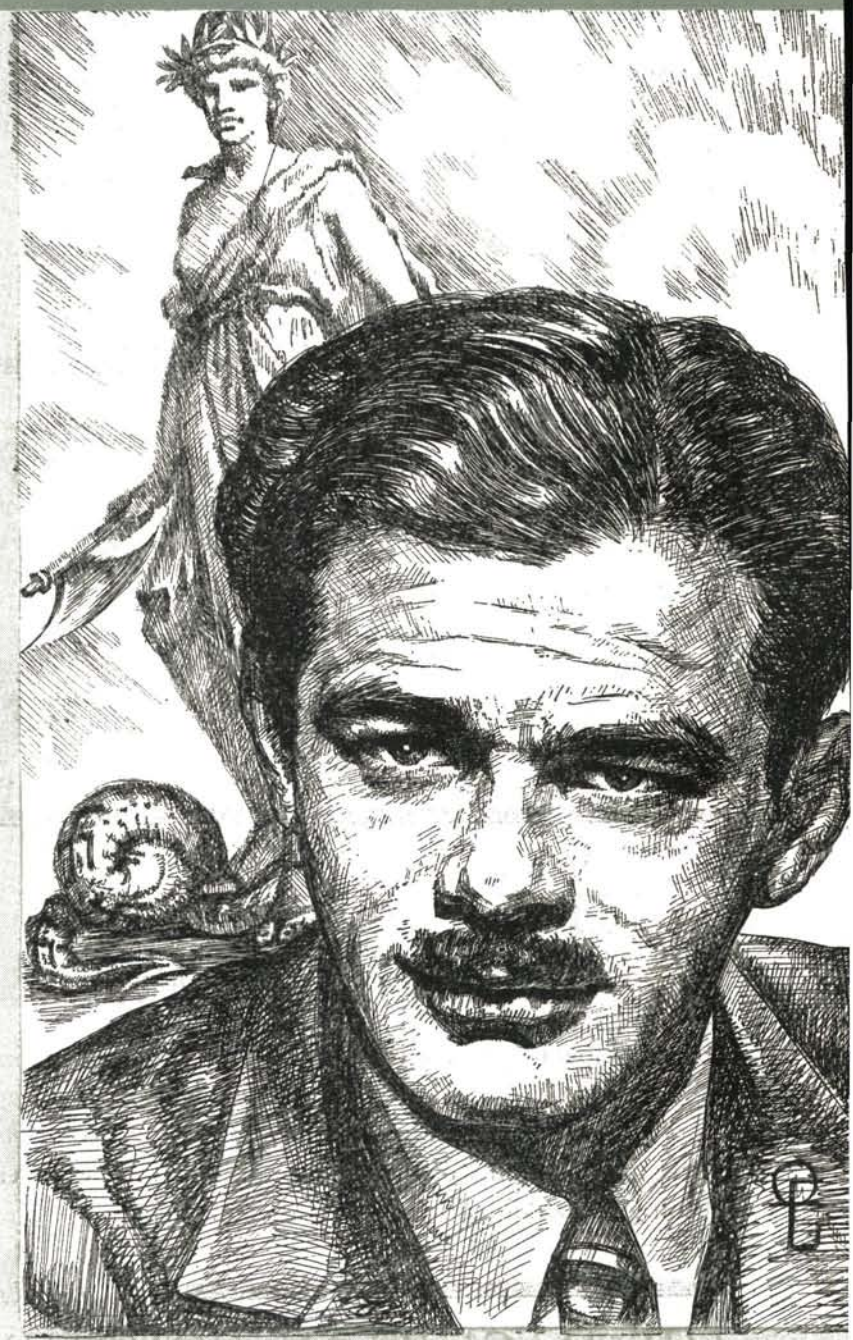

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NORMAN CORWIN'S "On a Note of Triumph" is "a newsreel in words of war emotions, battle reasons, and peace hopes." (See page 22)

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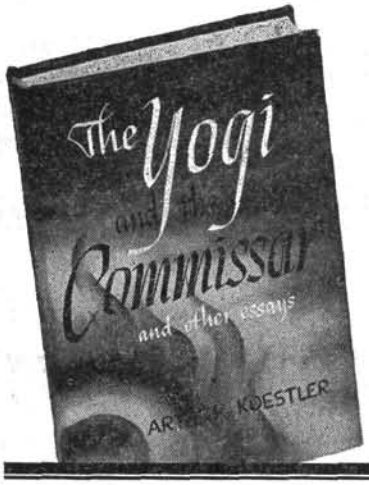

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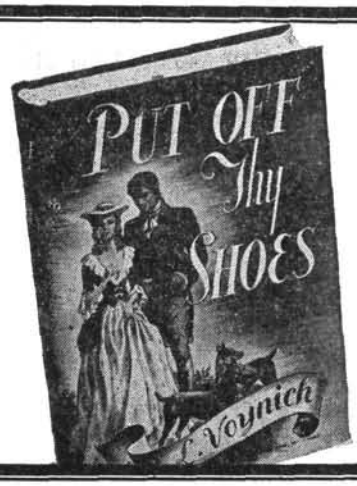

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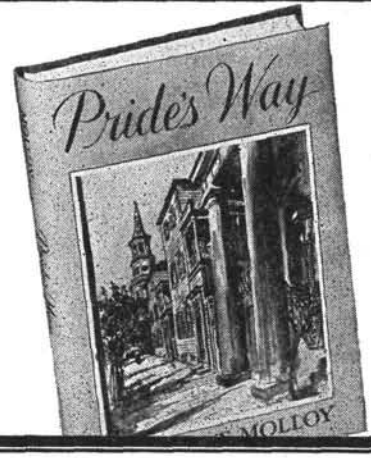

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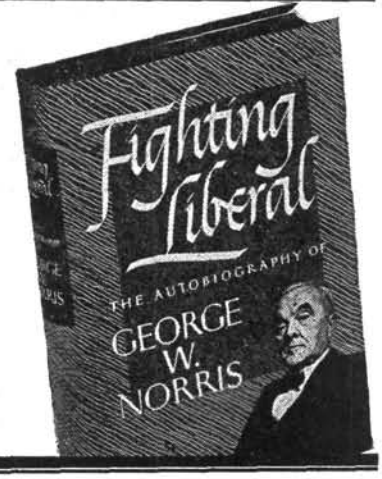

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"To build intelligently today is to lay the foundations for a new civilization."—LEWIS MUMFORD

CITY DEVELOPMENT
LEWIS MUMFORD

A collection of essays otherwise inaccessible, written over the last twenty-five years, plus two new ones on Postwar Building and the New Plan for London.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR: "The voice of Lewis Mumford, which has been crying in the wilderness of metropolitan waste and obsolescence for a quarter of a century, opportunely proclaims again the gospel of rational city planning."

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N. Y. HERALD TRIBUNE: "As the Bridgeport factories close down and the Delaware waterside grows quieter, as the new Northwest catches its breath and begins to think in long-range terms, Lewis Mumford's acrid criticisms may come to seem more realistic than they do today."

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Where's that vacation?

THERE ARE just fourteen titles on our fall list (paper being scarce with us as with every publisher). For a house which usually does two or three times as many in a single season, it would certainly seem as if time were about to hang heavy on staff hands. We were all gloating over the prospects of long, carefree vacations this summer. The mysterious thing is that it isn't working out that way. We're busier than ever because publishing isn't a seasonal affair. The future—and we are always working against the future—is the most exciting part of the profession of bringing out books. Sometimes you have to work far ahead. For instance:

On our desk are about a hundred pieces of music, all of them with delightful words, ranging from "Miserere nostri domine" to "Adam catched Eve by the furbelow, Did he so? Did he so?" This is going to be a book of rounds, probably called ROUNDS AND ROUNDS, edited by Mary Catherine Taylor, who has made a hobby of collecting and singing them with her family and friends. She has about thirteen hundred, and from this vast pile she has selected something over a hundred for a jolly book. Our editorial work on this project has already proved the author's contention that round-singing is a refreshing and companionable pastime.

Help is what the editor of the rounds book has to have, but help is what the editor of KRAZY KAT is unable to fend off. A small office piled high with selections from twenty years of Herriman's cartoons made such a bottleneck for visiting staff members that the material was moved to the editor's home where she may work in peace, without a chorus of joyful voices reading aloud. E. E. Cummings, long a Krazy Kat fan, is the boss of this job, and he is writing the introduction for KRAZY KAT in which he celebrates the simple reversal of the quotidian: the dog adores the cat, the cat worships the mouse. As Krazy Kat said to the skeptical Ignatz when they were discussing the flying carpet, "But, dolling, it's magic, and magic ain't silly bitzness." KRAZY KAT will be published sometime in 1946.

The catalog is now full of titles marked O.S.D. (out of stock for the duration), and it is giving us postwar ideas. New editions are being planned—re-set, re-illustrated, re-indexed. Ben Ray Redman's Introduction for the new one-volume edition of Rolland's JEAN-CHRISTOPHE is already in, and arrangements for illustrations are under way for this 1946 publication. Two of Dorothy Canfield's classic books are being rejuvenated. One, UNDERSTOOD BETSY, has sold steadily since 1916 and will be designed in modern format with new drawings. THE BENT TWIG, long loved by young people and now in a small old-fashioned format, will have the same treatment. Mark Van Doren's DRYDEN, first published in 1922, long out of print in America but a steady favorite in England, will be re-issued to stand beside his popular SHAKESPEARE.

Since the death of Ernie Pyle, there have been many letters from the public asking for a book of his pre-war columns about America. The material for this volume is in our office, and following consultation with the literary executor we shall put it into work for 1947 publication. All Ernie's writings about the war, now in three books, will be collected in one volume which will also contain the several thousand words of material which he sent back from the Pacific up to the day of his death. This will be called ERNIE PYLE'S WAR and probably carry illustrations by a number of artists who have been in the same theaters of war Ernie covered.

The laborious work of clearing permissions for THE QUESTION OF HENRY JAMES: A Collection of Critical Essays, edited by Frederick C. Dupee, is consuming weeks of two secretaries' time. The contents, essays on Henry James by various authors printed in roughly chronological order, range from an article by T. W. Higginson published in 1879 to a chapter from a book by F. O. Matthiessen published in 1944. We hope the book will be ready late in 1945.

One of the strangest by-products of scholarly research is a book which we hope to publish in 1947 titled AN INTELLECTUAL HISTORY OF THE NINETEEN-TWENTIES. The author, Frederick J. Hoffman, hit on the idea while examining 650 publications in order to prepare, with two other authors, a survey and bibliography of the little magazines of the twentieth century.

Taro Yashima, Japanese artist-author of THE NEW SUN, came in recently on a brief leave from government service with plans for another book about the Japanese underground. Alden Hatch is preparing a new series of final chapters for the new printing of his biography of Eisenhower, GENERAL IKE, which will probably be made available this summer. Elizabeth Mallett Conger, author of the zany cow story VALERY, is doing a history of baseball for young people which will be ready for 1946 Spring publication. We really ought to take time off to go to a few games this summer . . . proper editorial mood and all that . . .

There is a new BARNABY book in the offing for the Spring of 1946. Crockett Johnson complains bitterly of his slavery to O'Malley and to the public which insists on more and more Barnaby and O'Malley; Crockett doesn't see why they want it anyway. As he makes O'Malley say in one of the recent episodes wherein the little pink-winged windbag is selling soap from house to house, and sells it so fast he gets no time to deliver his foot-in-the-door peroration: "Cushlamochree, what's to become of the fine old art of salesmanship . . . Today anybody will buy anything."

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Marginal Notes at San Francisco

Off-Stage Sights and Sounds at the Security Conference

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

THE Chinese general was distressed when the newsstand at the Denver and Rio Grande station in Pueblo, Colorado, reported that the last copy of *True Story* had been sold. However, he and all the other delegates to the San Francisco Conference had plenty to read on the special trains which brought them across the American continent. In the club car of each train, as it left Washington, the Library of Congress placed 125 selected books. These included WPA Guides for every state on the itinerary. They also included books varying from "Cartoon Cavalcade" to Beard's "A Basic History of the United States." Some of the books stayed on the club car shelf and the stuck new pages were never parted. But others disappeared into compartments and berths and were not seen again until the train rolled onto the Oakland mole, in the shadow of the great Bay Bridge.

Among the popular ones were Bowers's "The Young Jefferson," Bowen's "Yankee from Olympus," Pyle's "Brave Men," and "The Thurber Carnival." An English delegate finished Marquis Childs's "The Cabin" overnight. Two Norwegians were especially interested in Ruth Gruber's "I Went to the Soviet Arctic." Lord Halifax looked intently at the maps in the WPA books and then out the train window at the flashing countryside. Senator Tom Connally thumbed through fellow-delegate Mackenzie King's "Canada and the Fight for Freedom." Abe Feller of UNRRA made notes on the leaves of "Food for the World," by T. W. Schultz. The secretaries of the Belgian delegation wondered why Gertrude Atherton's "Golden Gate Country" did not tell where to shop in San Francisco.

* * *

Delegates whose reading was begun so auspiciously have been better serviced with news and information than at any other such meeting in history. New York newspapers, customarily received in San Francisco five days after publication, now are flown across the country to be read only twenty-four hours after they roll off the presses. In addition, *The New York Times* is distributing each morning a four-page edition reproduced by facsimile. This edition is actually a condensation of *The Times* that is being distributed in New York at the same time. The four-page issue is transmitted photographically each morning from New York to San Francisco, the width of the continent, over the Wire-

photo facilities of the Associated Press. It then is printed on the presses of the *Richmond* (California) *Independent*. The four-page *Times* is distributed free. Stacks lie on hotel desks and coffee-shop counters for the taking. Bell boys slide them under the doors of delegates' rooms. It is a unique stunt in American journalism.

The abbreviated *Times* has the usual front page. Page two consists of the masthead and one editorial, generally the lead editorial of the day. The remaining space is given over to important world and national news, and to such *Times* features as Anne O'Hare McCormick and Hanson Baldwin.

* * *

The *New York Post* is printing an edition in San Francisco, which appears on the stands each day. It closely parallels the edition published in New York, both as to content and form. Some of the San Francisco papers are none too happy about this, particularly because the *Post* publishes many of the same syndicated features, which are supposed to be sold to only one outlet in each locality.

Such other papers as *The Chicago Sun*, the *Chicago Tribune*, the *New York Herald-Tribune*, and *PM* arrive by air. Proprietors of San Francisco newsstands say they have never seen anything like it. "I used to get the Sunday *Herald-Tribune* on the next Friday," said the girl with the snood behind the Fairmont stand. "Now it's here on Sunday night or Monday morning."

* * *

Local book stores report much browsing by people with delegates' badges. Sir Walter Citrine, the British labor leader, bought a stack of second-hand books in Oakland. Many visitors want to know about San Francisco, about the Far West, and about Hawaii and Alaska. The San Francisco Public Library has extended honorary cards to all people associated with the Conference. One of the librarians says that "Who's Who in America" is much in use. Many delegates want to know about their U. S. colleagues. The "Congressional Directory" is also in heavy demand, for two Senators (Connally and Vandenberg) and two Representatives (Bloom and Eaton) are American delegates.

* * *

The Library of Congress has provided facilities at the Veterans' Building, where most commissions meet. The State Department library is temporarily in the Gold Room of the Fairmont Hotel, headquarters for the U. S. delegation. The Conference Committee has information stands at most of the main hotels. On the pads at the counters messages are scrawled in French, Spanish, Portuguese, Chinese, Arabic, Russian, and English. Some messages run from top to bottom, others from bottom to top; some run from left to right, others from right to left.

A red-headed girl at the Whitcomb thought a message in Portuguese might be full of intriguing diplomatic secrets. She finally got it translated with this result: "Waited as long as I could for you. Must go now. Will meet you later."

* * *

One of the most searched-for figures at the Conference is Charles G. Ross, correspondent for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. A tall, grey man with a Lincolnesque face, Ross on the day he

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left Washington was appointed press secretary to President Truman. When the special train stopped at North Platte, Nebraska, where the citizens have a magnified canteen for servicemen passing through, Bert Andrews of the *Herald-Tribune* pointed out Ross to a couple of bystanders. "Don't breathe a word to anyone," he cautioned, "but that distinguished-looking fellow is our new Vice President."

Ross was nearly mobbed by folks at the canteen before he could get back on board the train. In California he found dozens of applicants for postmasterships lined up waiting for him. A Pulitzer Prize winner and one of the veterans of the *Post-Dispatch,* Ross wrote his final story about how Molotov had learned to use the phrase "O. K." in his conversations with Stettinius and Eden. As his concluding sentence Ross wrote, "This is the last story that I shall file for the *Post-Dispatch* for some time."

* * *

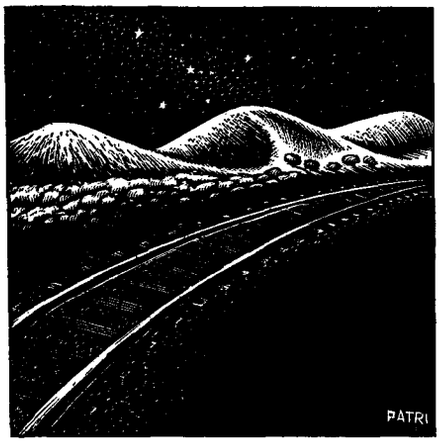
Among the fabulous figures at the Conference are the interpreters. "Golly," said a Bohemian-looking girl at the St. Francis, who turned out to be an artists' model, "think how the interpreters could change the course of history. Just supposing they interpreted the wrong thing!"

Heberto Sein has spoken before the spectacular plenary sessions of the Conference more often than any other individual. He translates Spanish and Portuguese into English and French. He has appeared on the rostrum nearly thirty times. When a Latin-American delegate completes his address, he steps down from the platform. Sein then takes over. Often he works up from a calm introduction to a ringing, oratorical climax. Most amusing feature is that, while the delegate himself may have received a smattering of applause from the floor, the interpreter frequently draws a thunderous ovation from the English-speaking galleries.

"I only take down key words," Sein told a *San Francisco Chronicle* reporter. "These are the words which indicate the trend of thought. I just listen carefully to what the speaker is saying, and then fill in."

* * *

The curiosity of the delegates takes them many places. On a Sunday walk through the Muir Woods I met Molotov and his bodyguards in a fir grove. Nearly all the visitors had driven across the Golden Gate Bridge. A whole lot would like to get a weekend off for a journey to Yosemite National Park. Molotov tramped through Henry J. Kaiser's impressive Richmond shipyards, watching Victory ships slide off the ways.



At least half the delegates traveled across the continent by train. One cannot but wonder at their reactions. The long specials slid out of Washington station and through the green Virginia countryside. The Kentucky uplands were followed by the farms of Missouri and the endless plains of Kansas and Iowa. The plains began to tilt upward. In the distance, "faint and far off on the horizon," as Meriwether Lewis wrote in his Journal, the Rocky Mountains loomed. Soon the trains were winding through dark gorges. Snowy peaks twisted and passed. Then the Rockies gave way to the irrigated valleys of Utah. Nevada's arid sagebrush flanked the right-of-way for 250 miles, and once more the land slanted upward. Two locomotives coughed and spit as the cars moved slowly across the Sierras. Through the wooded chasm of the Feather River the train coasted like a long black dragon and down to the blooming Sacramento Valley. Then salt air tingled the nostrils and so at last the Bay Bridge and San Francisco's waterfront shimmered in the distance.

What must a European think, after viewing this colossal spectacle for nearly one hundred hours? What must be the reaction of a man whose own country can be crossed by train between breakfast and noontime? In the early morning I stood on the station platform in California's Ponderosa pine country with a tall delegate from Yugoslavia.

"America is the so great country, capitan," he said. "We travel now, day after day, night after night, and still the land is America. We have never seen anything like this before. In Europe we would have crossed many nations, many boundaries, many customs, and oh, so many passports. We have heard much about America. Now we realize what America is. Now when we say 'America' we shall know exactly what we mean. We shall mean this so great country across which a train can go for so many days and nights."

San Francisco's steep hills are giving the delegates plenty of thrills. "I had a Dutch admiral in here the other day," said the lady driver from A. W. V. S. "My car stalled on the California Street hill and slipped backwards a few feet. I think that admiral was a lot more scared than he ever got at sea—and he wore a whole pack of decorations, too!"

The cable cars are a genuine novelty. One delegate rode back and forth three times on the Powell Street line, according to one of the gripmen. Wilder Foote, assistant to Secretary Stettinius, said that a journey on the cable cars was well worth the trip to San Francisco. Most of the newcomers ride on the steps, so they can jump just in case the cable shouldn't hold. . . .

* * *

Delegations and groups are housed by hotels. Russian headquarters are the St. Francis. People stand in line for hours to catch a glimpse of Molotov. The Mark Hopkins houses the British, and the women sigh for a look at Anthony Eden. Across the street, the Americans are at the Fairmont. The Palace has been taken over by the press. Old-timers such as Erwin Canham of the *Monitor* and Herb Elliston of *The Washington Post* recalled that it was at the Palace that Warren G. Harding died in 1923.

* * *

One of the most impressive events was the appearance in the gallery of a group of wounded American service men from nearby Army and Navy hospitals. Some were amputees missing legs and arms. When Stettinius called attention to them, the delegates rose in tribute. One wondered what were the thoughts of these men from the battlefront as they watched the shaping of the brave new world for which they had fought and sacrificed.

* * *

Enlisted men covering the Conference for *Yank* and *Stars and Stripes* show up at most press conferences. They are intensely interested in everything going on and take their jobs seriously. "We feel we have a real responsibility," said a staff sergeant. "After all, the men in the service have made this Conference possible. We figure it's really their Conference."

Military police in white helmets and leggings are everywhere, too. Many of the MP's wear overseas ribbons and combat decorations. They come on duty in the hotels and office buildings in marching formations, with orders barked by their NCO's.

* * *

All along the route of the special trains, people stood at wayside hamlets to watch the delegates pass by.

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Halifax made many friends for England when he got off at each station to chat with bystanders and autograph menus from the diner.

Across the mountains, out of Helper, Utah, I rode in the cab of the big four-unit Denver and Rio Grande diesel engine pulling the delegates' train, the "Del-Bar." Ben Wagner of Salt Lake City drew back the control lever as his fireman called, "High Ball!"

"I have a son wounded in an Army hospital in France," said Ben. "I'm going to write and tell him that his dad helped with the San Francisco Conference. I guess you could say that, couldn't you?"

"You sure could," I said with quick assurance.

An hour later the long train of Pullmans clattered to a stop at Soldiers' Summit. In the cab it was strangely quiet. We looked across the height of land and down into the distant valleys. "I only wish President Roosevelt was still alive to go to the Conference," said Ben.

"I couldn't trust myself to talk when I found out he was dead," said the fireman.

"He was a great friend of the common people," I said.

"He was everybody's friend," said the engineer.

Mr. Koestler Appraises the Currents

THE YOGI AND THE COMMISSAR and other Essays. By Arthur Koestler. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1945. 247 *pp.* $3.25.

Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

READERS of Arthur Koestler's novel "Arrival and Departure" will recall the badly disfigured fighter pilot who plays so decisive a role in the rebel hero's choice between "utopia betrayed" and "tradition decayed." It was the late Richard Hillary who served as a model for that poignant episode. Shot down and severely burned in the Battle of Britain, this brilliant young writer insisted on returning to active service and was killed by an unexplained flight accident at the age of twenty-three.

Arthur Koestler's short essay devoted to his memory is one of the finest and least controversial pieces in the present book—written, as it were, on the fringes of its connecting theme. The author convinces us easily that his friend was not merely another of those heroic "schoolboys playing with marbles [who were] caught by the lava and petrified into monuments"; he was a "desperate crusader in search of a cross," a forerunner of that new intelligentsia that is "sick with the nostalgia of something to fight for which as yet is not." Yet until war came, he had not fully succeeded in detaching himself from the "Yogi ethics" of the "Lost Generation" which was his. And war, which in its own strange way gave him a chance to "transfer the values derived from contemplation into practical action," in its own merciless way also added confusion to his *"sentiment d'être tout"* and *"l'évidence"* at his hand *"de n'être rien."* "When all issues become meaningless," his friend concludes the moving obituary, "then indeed a man's longing for the Holy Grail may become so strong that he flies like a moth into the flame; and having burned his wings, crawls back into it again."

The malaise of Western intellectuals, so heartbreakingly apparent in this young Englishman, is also the subject of another distinguished paper ("The Intelligentsia") included in this collection. The "guilt complex" of intellectuals, so Mr. Koestler puts it, "is the income tax one has to pay for wanting to make others richer." As to himself, he seems willing to get rid of that "guilt complex," and he does so by taking the bull by its horns.

The bulk of his book is made up of three elaborate essays ("Anatomy of a Myth," "Soviet Myth and Reality," and "The End of an Illusion")—which, put together, form about the most violent attack on Stalin's Russia that has come from the presses for a very long time. Mr. Koestler admittedly hates the "Commissar" and his belief that the universe is "a kind of very large clockwork"; and by these very essays attempts to prove that he has left behind on his road the "Yogi" who, content in his introspective aloneness, believes that "the End is unpredictable and that the Means alone count." Mr. Koestler calls himself a "homeless Leftist," belonging to that "bunch" of men whom "Stalinites call Trotskyites, the Trotskyites call Imperialists, and the Imperialists call bloody Reds." Thus the reader is asked to trust the author's own conviction that he represents the progressive intellect *an sich,* hovering above and beyond the Socialist party strife of his time.

—Fred Stein

Arthur Koestler: "The guilt complex is the income tax one has to pay for wanting to make others richer."

As it is, Mr. Koestler's assault on Soviet Russia is, first of all, intended as a weapon against what he terms the "Soviet addicts" in Western countries. For that fight he is not unlikely to win praise also from quarters implacably hostile to his basic ideals. But if a writer of Mr. Koestler's stature and earnestness thinks such risk worth while, he has surely earned at least the right to be listened to.

He begins by trying to disprove the current argument of the "addicts," namely, that the Russian soldiers "'knew what they were fighting for.'" They did not, he replies—their victory was a matter of material and quantitative superiority; for how could they "know what they were fighting for," realizing (as they must have done) that theirs was no longer a socialist country? Should it never have occurred to Mr. Koestler that the Russian peoples themselves might like their country as it is, irrespective of the degree of its similarity to the absolute socialist state their fathers were promised in 1917? This may, and does, shed a pathetic light on the sense of individual freedom among these peoples, on their lack of disengagement from tradition patterns (which have always survived revolutions much better than we are commonly made to believe), and the number of irrational factors directing their loyalties. The line to take for a man setting out both to warn the "addicts" themselves and warn against them, would have been to present the inconsistency, not so much—this stands to reason—of the present Russian regime, as of the popular Russian attitude toward the system with all the forces that have shaped the Western world, and with the potentialities of the Western mind.

However, Mr. Koestler above all bewails the betrayal of the Utopia which "seemed at hand" in 1917, and which was to replace the "slow and steady improvement of social conditions," the cumulative effect in the material sphere of Left attempts from Jacobinism to Fabianism, and at the same time cure their psychological effect,

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the "growing frustration and disillusionment."

> Soviet Russia is a State-capitalistic totalitarian autocracy. It is progressive in its economic structure and regressive in every other respect. Politically, culturally, in the relations between rulers and ruled, it is reactionary compared with most capitalist countries.

Inheritance laws, inequality of education, the phenomenon of proletarian millionaires on the one hand and paupers on the other, the peculiar state of trade unions and labor conditions, the managerial character of the high bureaucracy—these are some of the features the author expands upon in portraying the Soviet reality of the middle forties. This reviewer must leave it to better informed critics to judge of Mr. Koestler's source material and his interpretations of official statistics. In any case the author may be sure to run into quite a number of heated arguments.

Nowhere will the shock of his attack be greater than in the information he volunteers on the Forced Labor Brigades in Russia. He bases his investigation on the report of one Lucien Blit, a member of the Socialist Party of Poland, who, after having taken an active part in the defense of Warsaw, was caught by the Russians and sentenced to eight years "correctional labor" for unauthorized entry into Soviet territory. Blit shared, so Koestler contends, his fate (though of course not the nature of his "crime") not only with thousands of Poles, but also with no less than eighteen million of disfranchised Soviet citizens. ("When I spoke to a well-known Soviet journalist in Kuibishev," Blit told the author, "he emphasized with some pride in his voice that there were not more than eighteen million of them.") Some readers will wish Mr. Koestler had substantiated his appalling charges with more evidence; yet none can fail to be deeply disturbed by Lucien Blit's story. One somehow wishes it weren't true. . . . But perhaps such wishing already belongs in the category of the imperfection of, or rather the "split" in, the human conscience—a paramount subject of our days, and superbly dealt with in Mr. Koestler's short pamphlet "On Disbelieving Atrocities," reprinted in this volume.

Even more than the *terreur,* however, it seems to have been the "breakdown of the socialist incitives," that is, the return to such "opiates" as the orthodox church, military protocol, or textbook patriotism, which has convinced the author that the Russian Revolution has "failed in its aim to create a new type of human society in a new moral climate." He denies that official Russia can ever turn back

to her original aims. But whom, or what, does he blame for the equally obvious failure of the Western Socialists—besides Russia again? There is something of a demonology in every family quarrel.

This is the weakest point in Mr. Koestler's book: that he offers so little with which to replace the dreams of the "Soviet addicts." His realistic treatment of Stalinite foreign policies will hardly discourage them. And his outcry for "spiritual nourishment" in the end only leads to a recommendation of Far Eastern philosophy—which, despite the author's enviable erudition, is (frankly speaking) as hazy and futile as all references by Western intellectuals to that far-off way of thinking. Remains the "Fraternity of Pessimists" (to use the title of another excellent essay of his). They have realized that Utopia has once more been postponed. "Let us build oases."

Whatever the reader's preconceived or instantenous reaction to "The Yogi and the Commissar" is likely to be, he will be fascinated by the literary ability of this "Communist renegade." There are few writers today who as well as he can reduce the most complex ideas and situations to such stunningly simple (and yet never oversimplified) metaphorical pictures. The self-discipline of his deductive presentations and the power of his directness come very close to being overwhelming at times.

Ballade of the Welkin

By Christopher Morley

"The welkin shope him for to reyne" (the sky was shaping for rain)—Chaucer: Troilus & Criseyde, III, 551

OLD sweetheart Geoff! That casual line
To me so magical has grown
That long ago I made it mine
As incantation of my own.
A dirty sky the wind has blown?
My work was futile, all in vain?
I mumble in an undertone:
The welkin shope him for to reyne!

Why do those syllables combine
to touch my tender funnybone?
They put fresh marrow in the spine
Whatever twinges we have known.
The coastguard flies the weather-cone,
Off soundings there are gales and pain:
Make snug, when in the stormy zone
The welkin shope him for to reyne!

You, Troilus! come rise and shine!
There was No Answer on the phone?
Well anyhow, in life's decline
You won't be Darby to her Joan.
Men ask for bread, and get a stone?
They thought life was all sugar-cane?
Then shout, or whisper, when alone,
The welkin shope him for to reyne!

Envoy

The zodiac shows an awkward sign?
Your life is tangled up like twine?
Let Chaucer everything explain:
The welkin shope him for to reyne!

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Distance Between Artist and Public

THE AESTHETIC ADVENTURE. By William Gaunt. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1945. 269 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

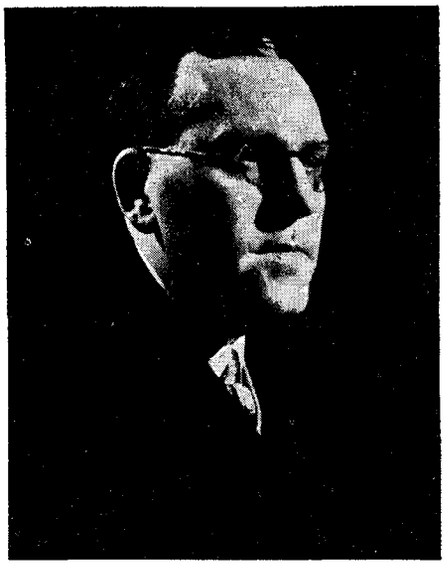
READERS with a liking for literary anecdotes and studio talk will find this book a rich haul, if they happen to approach it in a state of ignorance regarding the artistic history of England and France during the last three decades of the nineteenth century. Whereas if they come to Mr. Gaunt without the bliss of ignorance, they may enjoy the secondary pleasure of recognizing many an old, familiar story; most of them undoubtedly good—good enough to have seen hard service.

By easy stages, following a zig-zag course, the author traces the realization in action, through several periods and many personalities, of Gautier's theoretical pronouncement on art for art's sake; and in the process, naturally, the field of vision includes many other personalities who opposed the novel heresy with the orthodox faith that art is for man's sake. Hence the fun that courses through the volume: the running clash between the innovators and the mud-stuck reactionaries. Hence the conflict of a Pater and a Jowett, a Whistler and a Ruskin; and, at one remove, in the moral sphere, that of a Wilde and a Carson. Hence, illustrative in one way or another, the anecdote piled upon anecdote, the episode piled upon episode, the quotation upon quotation, the biographical fragment upon biographical fragment,—from the lives of Whistler, Pater, Ruskin, George Moore, William Morris, Manet, Monet, Renoir, Dégas, Cézanne, Wilde, Beardsley, Simeon Solomon, Gissing, Dowson, James Thomson, Francis Thomson, Verlaine, Rimbaud, Sargent, Toulouse-Lautrec, Swinburne, Watts-Dunton, Leonard Smithers, Charles Condor, Van Gogh, Gauguin, Walter Sickert, and Roger Fry, with a backward look at Gautier, Baudelaire and a few intermediate figures.

It all makes lively reading. The material is no more organized than is washing hung upon a line, the line in this case being *"L'Art pour l'Art,"* but the items are arranged neatly enough, and sometimes even cleverly. Mr. Gaunt apparently has no style that belongs to him, not even a bad style, but he has the styles of others at his disposal, and his most notable successes are the successes of his sources and his originals. So he can strike home with Whistler:—"It seemed as if Whistler were giving his case away in thus complacently emphasizing and elaborating upon the short space of time which the picture had occupied. The lawyer rushed upon the point, triumphant. 'The labor of two days then is that for which you ask two hundred guineas?' Then came the lunge. Whistler had got Sir John just where he wanted him. He produced the brilliant riposte: 'No; I ask it for the knowledge of a lifetime'." (Well said! It always was. But why come close to spoiling it with the awkward heralding of brilliance?) So, too, he can retort dangerously with Wilde, when the latter is asked by Carson if he had ever shown affection for an Oxford servant:—"Oh dear no. He was a peculiarly plain boy. He was, unfortunately, extremely ugly." And so he can turn a phrase and an idea with Dégas, when the painter exclaims: *"Laissez-moi donc tranquille. Est-ce que c'est fait pour être vu, la peintre? dites!"*

As a matter of fact, he is seldom on his own in this far from thoughtful book to which he makes so few original contributions, and when he is we do not find him at his best. Usually he is content to handle his material with the uncritical expedition of the honest middle-man, but now and again he comes forward with comment, interpretation, or opinion. Shaking his head over the case of Wilde, for example, he wonders if things might have been different if Oscar's mother had wished for a boy instead of a girl, if Oscar had not learned to admire male beauty during his visit to Greece with Mahaffy, if Oscar had not read and known the French decadents; "If he had not, for example, so greatly admired the perverse nobleman of Huysmans's 'A Rebours,' so much so that he copied from that book his own 'Dorian Gray,' he might have pursued a safer course. But if Poe and Baudelaire had not influenced Huysmans 'A Rebours' might not have been written. There are many links in the chain. There seems to be something inevitable, a fatality in what happened." In the face of such easy, fruitless speculation, with its philosophical conclusion, one can only murmur, "How true! how true!" But what shall one say on another occasion? Mr. Gaunt is coming to the end of Beardsley's brief story, and he writes:

> He lived with a continuous intensity. The story goes that he produced one day from that black satchel which gave him, it was said, the look of "a man from the Prudential," the elegant and masterly designs with which he had illustrated "The Rape of the Lock" for the inspection of Whistler. Scornfully, the Butterfly began to look, then with increasing attention. He said at last "Aubrey, I have made a mistake. You are a great artist," whereupon Beardsley to Whistler's discomfort, for sentiment was alien to his genius, burst into tears.
>
> What to make of these tears one scarcely knows. They indicate perhaps a gratified vanity, out of nervous control, and an acute realization of the doom hanging over his head, a movement of pity for those other drawings he would not live to carry out.



—*Roye*

William Gaunt "is content to handle his material with the uncritical expedition of the honest middle-man."

What shall we say of a man who thinks that Beardsley's tears, on such an occasion, call for explanation?

Some day a serious study will be written which will treat "The Aesthetic Adventure" as one phase of the modern schism between artist and public: the schism by which poets, painters, sculptors, and musicians are confronted today, and by which, from the other side of the gulf, puzzled audiences are confronted. This study may well point out that the first generation of revolting artists was sustained by the mere excitement of revolt, that a succeeding generation swore that it would to its own self be true, while a still later generation has begun to wonder whether or not there is any such thing as being true to a self that is not true in turn to something beyond itself; and that the searchings, flights, and gropings of this last generation are now painfully obvious. The study will almost certainly insist that the great ages of art have been those in which artists and a considerable portion of the public have been agreed as to values; and it will just as surely conclude that the present distance between artist and public must be closed if art is again to enjoy a healthy and health-giving life.

Meanwhile, in "The Aesthetic Adventure" Mr. Gaunt has collected much entertaining material within a small compass.

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Critical Business

REFLECTIONS IN A MIRROR. By Charles Morgan. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1945. 223 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

THE reviewer, who for reasons good or bad is not much of a reader of fiction, knows nothing of Mr. Morgan's operations in that department except what his neighbors tell him, and they are in profound disagreement. But this volume of essays is past question a remarkable and delightful book. And the author's limiting idiosyncrasies, of which he is acutely conscious, add to the charm and interest of the work.

The papers are selected from a weekly series called "Minander's Mirror," which Mr. Morgan has been writing for the *Literary Supplement* of *The London Times* during the last three years. And the mere fact that they could be written and read in such a time proves something pretty pleasant about Mr. Morgan and the British public. The pieces are on every sort of subject likely to interest the inquiring mind, and are alive, poignant, penetrating, and full of feeling in the right sense of the word. Whether his subject is Pascal or Turgeniev, or Emily Brontë, or the ornithologist Delamain, or Tolstoy, he nearly always says something unusual and to the point. He has the faculty of getting inside a work and talking about it, so to say, from within. He reads a book the way its author would want it read, "with sympathy even in disagreement." It has been said that the critic's first duty is to understand, not to judge. And Mr. Morgan lives up to the principle. Accordingly, in the reviewer's opinion, the reader will have to travel a long way before he comes on a commentary more full of light than Mr. Morgan's on "War and Peace." The study of the clash between the collective and the individual is as good a job as has turned up for many a day. Lots of critics can make distinctions, but Mr. Morgan makes sense.

There is depth in his mind, and, like many Celts, he has a great deal of wit. But he is oddly impatient with wit's opposite, which isn't stupidity. Thus he speaks of Emily Brontë as being, when her imagination is "in full cry, unembarrassed by the curse of 'humor'." Mr. Morgan's definition of humor is evidently quite different from any the reviewer would accept, for he says it is, "when found in a tragic writer,—often equivalent to a distructive self-consciousness." For his part, the reviewer would have said that humor is precisely the quality

—*From a portrait head by Gordon Alchin*

Charles Morgan "has the faculty of getting inside a work and talking about it, so to say, from within."

that keeps good tragic writers from being portentously asinine just as it keeps good comic writers from being portentously jocose. From it proceeds the "imaginative balance" which the "Oresteia" has and Home's "Douglas" has not. Hamlet and Falstaff issued from one mind that evidently seldom suffered from destructive self-consciousness.

But the reviewer hasn't let loose these commonplaces because he has a quarrel with Mr. Morgan. On the contrary, he thinks Mr. Morgan is so right about so many things that, supposing he has spoken venial heresy here and there, the ecclesiastical court ought to treat him with consideration. Many touching and brilliant pages will be remembered easily and with pleasure. A consistent, generous, and discriminating mind has produced criticism that one can enjoy and praise without a trace of the somewhat natural feeling that criticism is a bad business and ought to be stopped.

Orestes and Electra

THE LAMBS. By Katherine Anthony. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. 253 *pp. and index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

I AM afraid that Charles Lamb's prejudice against female authors would be increased by this monograph on himself and his family. Let me say first that I have never shared "Saint Charles's" opinion about women writers: on the contrary I believe that masculine prejudice has failed, especially in our feminist age, to give sufficient credit to women authors, particularly the poets and novelists. Then I admired Miss Anthony's "Margaret Fuller" and am the more distressed at the grave faults in this volume on Charles Lamb, Mary, and their brother.

It is not pedantic to point out that on the title-page Miss Anthony betrays an attitude which precludes any just appraisement of Charles Lamb and his period. She calls her book "a story of pre-Victorian England." Now that is chronologically an accurate description: philosophically or psychologically it is grossly false. One could say, quite truthfully, that the years 1928 to 1933 were pre-Hitlerian, for any sensitive observer was expecting the curtain to rise on the monstrous opera now crashing to its close; one could say that Lamb's early years were pre-reform, or that the later years of Charles I were pre-revolutionary, for in each period could be discerned a cloud of foreboding: men, however much they shrouded their faces, knew to what precipice they were moving. But no one, in the days of George III and IV, or of William IV, expected Victoria, far less anticipated the cold, Albertine early spring which bourgeoned so strangely in England. The Whigs hoped for a continuance of

Distance

Albert Hurwitz

WHY should distance frighten me
And flood me with the terror of a lost soul?
Should my throat tighten
At the limitless stretch of Ocean, land and life
Between this lonely Isle—and you
Or should I search the Heavens
And feel their charges are a mutual Bond
That calmly surveys peace and war?
For a heart, I find within its narrow confines
Is broad enough—and deep enough to encompass all,
And eons are but atomic dreams that are whisked aside
Like lazy foam on singing waters.

Albert Hurwitz is in the U. S. Marine Corps somewhere in the Pacific.

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monarchy; the Tories hoped for some faint image of Stuart dynasty; the Radicals hoped and worked for an English version of the French Revolution. Most men, in their hearts, reluctantly or joyfully, believed the crown was destined to extinction. The Victorian age was a stunning and incredible surprise: how great a surprise can be seen clearly if we study the lives of a few remarkable men, contemporaries of Byron, Shelley, and Keats, who lived well into it, and never could quite believe in it. To take three only, Walter Savage Landor, Thomas Love Peacock, and E. J. Trelawney; none of them ever believed in the Victorian age, or paid it any homage, so strange did it seem to them. So Miss Anthony makes the grave mistake throughout her book of writing as if Lamb could be appraised by one continually aware of Victorian standards —which is as foolish as it would be to treat William Blake as a Victorian.

One chapter of this book is called "Electra and Orestes." Miss Anthony believes that a deep sense of guilt weighed on Charles and Mary for the dreadful business of their mother's death. There is no evidence of this. There was, in Mary, regret, sorrow, remorse; but never, in her sane moments, any guilt. Nor should there have been. Mary, in any ethical or legal sense, did not murder her mother. Miss Anthony's own account of the tragedy makes this clear. Overworked, ridden by a nagging woman, plagued by an incompetent assistant, teased by a foolish father, Mary's nerves gave way: she attacked the assistant, her mother intervened, and by a luckless chance received in her heart the knife which might have killed old John Lamb, or the Aunt, or the apprentice, or glanced off harmlessly. There is no evidence to support any interpretation of the facts except that Mary attacked most violently the person most urgently opposing her senseless frenzy.

Apart from this thesis of a continued sense of matricide, Miss Anthony is preoccupied with a most unfortunate "feminist" thesis: that Charles all his life desperately needed his sister. It is only by twisting the evidence in a Freudian vise that Charles's continual care of Mary can be read into an inability to live without her, except in so far as any charge undertaken becomes a part of a man's life, and without it he can scarcely be seen, as the monk or nun cannot be thought of without the habit. This fanciful opinion of Miss Anthony's is easily disposed of by consideration of the mere fact that without Charles poor Mary would have been nothing; without Mary, Charles would certainly have been a happier, more controlled man and as great an author.

Miss Anthony's whimsy derives from her determination to pose Charles and Mary as Orestes and Electra, a guilty, perpetually haunted pair—Mary guilty of murder, Charles of helping her to evade the punishment. (What the punishment should have been Miss Anthony doesn't suggest.) Now Charles never believed—nor could any sane person—that Mary was guilty of murder. Murder is premeditated, comes of malice aforethought. We know too little of Mrs. Lamb to be sure how much of irritation Mary had to suppress in her daily and night-long waiting on her mother; but no one who knew the household ever suggested that the frenzied attack was expected. The important point is that Charles anticipated his sister's breakdown, evidently did not suspect it would take a violent form, and, ten days after the event, writes to Coleridge that Mary has recovered sufficiently to have "a sound judgment which in this early stage knows how to distinguish between a deed committed in a transient state of frenzy and the terrible guilt of a mother's murder." Miss Anthony's efforts to convince us that Charles and Mary should have thought her a murderess are supported by a fantastic interpretation of the Lambs' frequent changes of domicile. Driven by the Furies! If one needs any explanation except ordinary restlessness, several might be found. A place could become intolerable if it was too often the scene of nervous breakdowns. Or, well-known theatre-goers as they were, possibly Charles feared some other theatre-goer would recognize the pair, and they might hear, "There's Miss Lamb who killed her mother!" Or, again—every social-solitary man has felt it—Charles would find his circle of acquaintances too large, and move where he could enjoy solitude and friendship.

In more passages than I can enumerate Miss Anthony displays a brilliant unacquaintance with the thought, manners, and beliefs of the period and the London of which she writes. I must support this with a few instances. She comments that Salt (the barrister to whom Lamb's father was valet) had a "marked peculiarity" because "in consequence of remaining single he maintained his tenancy of the Temple chambers for practically all his life." Every staircase in the Inns of Court still has names of lifelong tenants, married and single. She thinks Whigs were people "of democratic principles." Except for the Radicals, the first democrats in England were the young Tories, and their handbook was Disraeli's "Sybil." She writes of Dr. Ainger as "Canon in the Temple." There are no Canons attached to the Temple. Ainger was Master of the Temple. It is absurd to say of Boyer, Charles's teacher at school, that it was "unprecedented to look backward over the heads of Burke, Pope and Johnson . . . and point to the true gods of English literature, Shakespeare and Milton." No schoolmaster could teach boys about Johnson without mentioning Shakespeare, and, since Addison's essays on "Paradise Lost," there were almost as many eighteenth century editions of Milton as of Shakespeare.

Miss Anthony's style is as luckless as her outlook. Lamb "resumed his dalliance with Lloyd and Southey." " . . . the triangular genius there which was even then pregnant with the *Lyrical Ballads.*" "Mary's smile was exactly like her brother's, a heart-warming episode in each." Infelicities of this kind, however, are but blemishes. The book's chief vice, only too symptomatic of Miss Anthony's approach to a story that needed humility and careful accuracy to justify its retelling, is the inordinate number of "must have's." Whenever a more than usually unlikely hypothesis is made, out pops the "must have." I give a single instance. After describing the killing of Mrs. Lamb:

> How often must the faces surrounding Mary have taken on for her an accusing expression! . . . Playing whist with Godwin, she must have often seen in his grave face the look of the hangman. Dr. John Stoddart . . . knew everything: and his kind, ruddy face must inevitably at times have taken on the mask of vengeance.

There is no scrap of evidence for this nonsense, compounded of shopsoiled psychiatry and a profound ignorance of the characters of Mary and her friends.

I am sorry to have had to treat this book so severely. I am sure Miss Anthony did not intend to write a monograph which would so profoundly distort Lamb's character, so violently offend all his admirers. I don't suppose he himself would resent anything in it very much except the insistence on Mary's guilt. Miss Anthony has not lightened her volume with many of the familiar stories about Lamb and his circle. Perhaps she thought they were all too well-known.

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What's in It for Us?

AN UNCOMMON MAN. Henry Wallace and 60 Million Jobs. By Frank Kingdon. New York: The Readers' Press. 1945. *Cloth bound,* 200 *pp.* $2. *Paper bound,* 100 *pp.* $1.

Reviewed by ROGER BUTTERFIELD

THERE is no doubt about it—Henry Wallace, that impractical, theorizing, idealistic Henry, who just doesn't know shucks about "business" or "politics" or "realism" (according to Jesse Jones and Senator Taft), is now sitting very pretty on the driver's seat of the most high-powered political issue of our times. That issue is full employment, or "Sixty Million Jobs," and all you have to do is say those last three words in this country, and the next two anybody thinks of are "Henry Wallace." And when the boys come home and the war plants shut down and everybody is thinking desperately about what job they will have in post-war America, the name that is going to come into people's minds as often and as fervently as any is—once again—Henry Wallace.

All of this is a pain in the neck to the Senators and bankers and publishers who really know how to run the country. It causes them to do strange things. *The Saturday Evening Post,* for instance, runs a piece on "The Sixty Million Job Myth" with the usual sarcastic mentions of crystal balls and bureaucratic "cipherings" in "Squirrel-Cage-on-the-Potomac" (which is *Satevepost* for Washington, D. C.) and winds up with a bunch of figures to show that we should start thinking about fifty million jobs instead of sixty million. Which shows that even Henry Wallace's worst enemies are being driven to do some job-counting themselves. (Remember when F. D. R. called for 100,000 planes a year—and the realists said it couldn't be done—and production went to 125,000 and more?)

And yet, as Dr. Kingdon makes abundantly clear, Henry Wallace really is one of the world's worst politicians. He is awkward in his contacts with people, giggles in public when he is embarrassed, hates rough-and-tumble debating, and "is not stimulated by the game of power." The reason he is in such a commanding political position today is simply that he is sincerely interested in a better life for *all* Americans and not just his own kind, that he has worked out certain specific plans for achieving this, and that he has shown great willingness to fight for his aims against discouraging odds. There is no doubt that the ten to fifteen million New Deal voters who always followed Roosevelt, even when he left the New Deal behind, are now prepared to follow Wallace.

Wallace and Roosevelt, Dr. Kingdon tell us, were about as different as two people could possibly be. F.D.R. operated like a good yachtsman—"he knew how to tack to catch the wind away from his rival's sails to fill his own. He had no prejudice against taking a zigzag course so long as he was generally moving toward the goal." But Wallace is not a yachtsman, he is a track runner—"He goes straight for the tape." Where Roosevelt often jumped intuitively to a brilliant and correct conclusion, Wallace gets there by plodding through masses of facts, figures, and opinions. This is exactly what happened to the celebrated "Sixty Million Jobs." When Roosevelt tossed off the phrase in a campaign speech at Soldiers' Field, Chicago, last fall, Wallace wired him—"Your goal of sixty million jobs is perhaps high, but I glory in your daring. . . ." Then he began figuring and found that the sixty-million figure was approximately correct, with fifty-seven million as an absolute minimum.

And then, when he was convinced, he took it on himself to make the figure come true.

Dr. Kingdon, who has also written an admiring life of Roosevelt, tells one revealing anecdote about an early meeting between the two men at Warm Springs, Ga. It was in November, 1932, right after Roosevelt's first election. Wallace had been called down to discuss farm problems. F.D.R. was in gay spirits. He called Wallace in where he was shaving and talked fast and furiously about sailing at Campobello Island, pirate caves, and the days when he used to dig in the sand for hidden gold along the island's shore. The serious farm discussion was put off until Wallace could go to Washington. When reporters cornered Wallace later and asked what he thought of the President-elect, he replied thoughtfully: "He is an adventurer."

Dr. Kingdon's book is written primarily for people who love Wallace already but don't know much about him. It spells out, in words of almost one syllable, the main lines of Wallace's thinking and background. It will help many persons to get acquainted with him, which is a fine thing.

Readers who want to know Wallace better will get much more from his own books. They will discover, among other things, that he is one of the finest writers in American public life. Some of his sketches (like "The Strength and Quietness of Grass," a discussion of crop rotation) are as honest and beautiful as the work of another genuine American—Henry Thoreau. Dr. Kingdon has given several brief quotations from Wallace's writings in the back of his book, and one of these sums up the great American issue of today as well as any single paragraph of prose could conceivably do:

"When a country fills up and all the land and easy money are taken, the people of that country face problems that they have never met before. In attacking these problems Americans will shift in some measure from their ancient competitive, individualistic standards. Sooner or later, the question, 'What is there in it for me?' will have to be translated into, 'What is there in it for all of us?'"

That's what Henry Wallace stands for.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 101

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer to No. 101 *will be found in the next issue.*

BZD DXFVZDHT, XF TZJRL PZV

ZNF XHA YZJVX, CJV ZJV

VXFDF BRFK W VDZNF.

—AWYJFR CJVRFD

—XJLHCDWA.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 100

ELOQUENCE, SMOOTH AND CUTTING, IS LIKE A RAZOR WHETTED WITH OIL.

—JONATHAN SWIFT
—THOUGHTS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

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What Makes Bulls Bulls

THE MALE HORMONE. By Paul de Kruif. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1945. 237 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by DR. EARL ENGLE

PAUL DE KRUIF is a veteran in writing about medical subjects and personalities. His theme in this book is worthy and exceptionally important. Nearly everyone is interested in sex. In our population there are about 15,000,000 males who are fifty years of age or older. Many of these men are actively interested in the loss of physical vigor, and a few of these are also concerned about the decline of sexual activity.

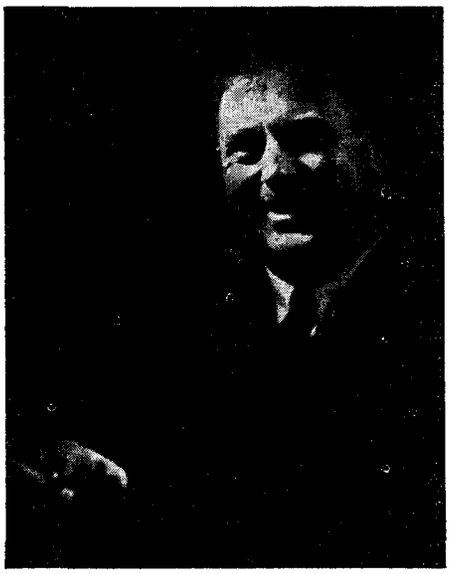
A clear, simple, and accurate book on these aspects of aging is greatly needed. It is unfortunate that Paul de Kruif failed in attempting to write it. The failure lay not in the subject matter, but in himself. In writing about the process of aging the author reveals that he, himself, has aged, as have those scientists and administrators against whom he cavils. Like them, he can't see new methods for doing things. De Kruif's old-time flamboyant style, use of half-truths, and pious marshalling of "authorities" only show that he has not changed since he first took the public microbe hunting.

It is a bit difficult to isolate the main thesis of this volume. It seems to be that the scientists have a new chemical, a hormone of the testes, which can recreate sexual vigor when it has been lost in the normal and natural process of aging. That thesis is an extraordinarily interesting story, and if true, deserves the fullest explanation.

Chemists have isolated in chemically pure form a steroid hormone from the testes of bulls. This hormone is now being made synthetically. Not one, but a score of synthetic steroids are grouped under the generic name of androgens, literally "producing maleness." Actually, though not mentioned by the author, this hormone, or group of hormones, is not produced entirely by males, but is present in the blood of both men and women in varying amounts. As used medically one or more of these hormones has been used in young castrates or in young eunuchoids, men whose testes have not developed normally. In these cases the effect of treatment appears to be in the modification of some of the blood chemistry of the patients, especially in the retention of serum proteins, and changes in muscle metabolism. In many of these cases sexual capacity and activity has been instituted or restored. De Kruif fails to mention that these substances have also been successfully used in therapy of women for disturbances of metabolism not directly related to their sexual or reproductive life.

These substances are produced in the body by the testes and also by other glands in both man and woman. They are concerned with the physiology of sex as de Kruif and the boy in the old-time livery stable knew the term. They are also concerned with other aspects of human chemistry which are not yet clearly understood. But it is enough for the author that "just the same, it's what makes bulls bulls." It's sex, and de Kruif smirks a bit. The reader has the impression that de Kruif can't tell the whole story here. When he begins to write about sex-out-of-a-test-tube he fidgets. Perhaps the image of his old Sunday School teacher wags an admonitory finger. He doesn't come clear about sex, but old men are led to believe that testosterone is wonderful, and that their cheeks can glow and their atrophied muscles and aging arteries can be repaired by this newest discovery of the author's. Unfortunately for the Romance, it "ain't necessarily so." But how can the lay reader judge from the impressive array of citations from the literature? De Kruif quotes from all doctors alike. He cites all medical journals equally, and the reader is forced to accept all the statements because he has not the background to form differential judgments.

Nearly all the statements quoted by de Kruif have truth in them. Testosterone has been useful in many cases, mostly by young men. De Kruif mentions the report by two competent clinicians about one case in whom sexual capacity did not match his ambition, and treatment with an inert and inactive substance was followed by the same type of satisfactory response gained by treatment with the active substance testosterone. De Kruif there approached a great truth, but it eluded him. It is simply that human sexual activity is a great complex of psychic content, conditioned behavior, neuromuscular patterning, and hormones. Hormones are a part of the story, but only a part.



—Don Wallace

Paul de Kruif "has not changed since he . . . took the public microbe hunting."

There are times when the author writes objectively, but soon he is caught in the pattern of his own emotion and begins to leer. He is too concerned with "respectability" of investigators, with the "sexy" implications of research in this field which had not previously occurred to this reviewer.

The simple and homely discipline of good taste did not prevent de Kruif from commenting about one of the most eminent investigators in this field: "He realized full well the impropriety of asking the authorities of the University of Chicago to back a science with such ultimately sexy implications. It was broad-minded enough of them that they allowed him to work at it." (p. 67.) That statement is without justification. The research referred to was biochemistry. The "sexy implications" were more probably the wishful flutterings of a writer who confessedly has been nibbling at these testosterone pills.

These hormones are useful, less so than insulin perhaps, which maintains the life of the diabetic, but should be used like insulin or the thyroid hormone only when there is a definite medical need for such substitutive therapy.

It is unfortunate that the author should devote even a brief chapter (24) to the use of this hormone in the relief of prostatic hypertrophy, which is so common as the cause of urinary retention and distress in older men. Such treatment is not now being used in any major hospital, not because of the prejudice of the surgeons, but because it does not work. A careful writer also would have said that investigators regard this hormone with a speculative eye for another reason. Some of this group of hormones are involved in the existence of cancer of the prostate. The only palliative for this seriously malignant disease is the removal or neutralization of the hormones of the testis.

Testosterone is only one of a large group of hormones. Medical investigation honestly strives to find the uses and the limitations of each. It probably won't do too much damage if de Kruif enthusiasts do consume a few hundred grams of this hormone—kill a few perhaps, disillusion many others, but if, as the author avers, "it's what makes bulls bulls," it will be interesting to see what it does to men.

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Handbook of American Minorities

ONE AMERICA. The History, Contributions, and Present Problems of Our Racial and National Minorities. Edited by Francis J. Brown and Joseph Slabey Roucek. New York: Prentice-Hall. 1945. 629 *pp.* $5.

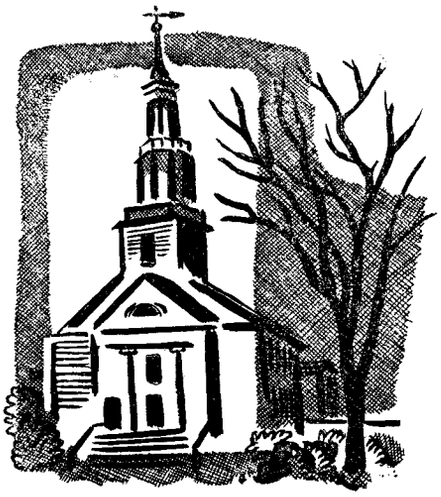
Reviewed by CAREY MCWILLIAMS

IN this revised edition of "Our Racial and National Minorities" (1937), the editors have eliminated some chapters from the earlier edition and combined others; while much new material has been added. The scope of the present edition, as defined by the editors, is indeed encyclopedic: it purports to include all the minorities—national, racial, cultural, and religious—with sufficient detail "to present the significant aspects and problems of each"; to study the impact of their culture upon that of America and the impact of America's culture upon them; and to combine, with the above, "an inductive analysis of the social problems and conflicts arising from racial and cultural differentiation." The method pursued throughout is that of "educational sociology"; the philosophy followed that of "cultural pluralism." It was the intention of the editors, in collecting these materials, to provide a source of information for teachers, social workers, clergymen, "and others interested in better understanding of their fellow men." As a handy one-volume reference, "One America" will unquestionably fill an important need. For it assembles a mass of factual information; is carefully indexed; contains some excellent charts, graphs, and tables; and includes some valuable bibliographic notes.

Aside from its general utility as a reference, however, "One America" fails to fulfill the specifications which the editors themselves have established. Considered as a comprehensive source-book, the work has two major weaknesses, one related to the method employed, the other to the content of the materials collected. The weakness in methodology is best indicated by comparison with another source-book in the same field, namely, "When Peoples Meet," the volume which Bernhard J. Stern and Alain Locke edited for the Progressive Education Association in 1942. By selecting excerpts from already existing materials, Stern and Locke were able, by intelligent cutting, editing, and arranging to give their volume a coherence, progression, and compactness that are lacking in "One America." Instead of collecting already existing materials, Brown and Roucek have apparently asked a large number of individuals to prepare particular chapters upon the basis of a general outline which they provided. I suspect that this method accounts, in large part, for a general diffuseness and lack of integration in the materials which they have collected.

The information contained in the sub-chapters devoted to the various minorities is not only of a rudimentary variety, but these sections are written in a kind of sociological shorthand. To a large extent, perhaps, this limitation was unavoidable. What can one say, for example, about Portuguese-Americans in four pages or Latin-Americans in eight? Far from being "studies" of the various minorities, these sections might best be characterized, in the aggregate, as a "directory" of the minorities, much in the manner and style of the annual year books published by some of the ethnic groups themselves. While such a treatment may well provide the uninitiated with a swift panoramic view of the field, indicating its diversity and complexity, it can hardly provide adequate information for systematic analysis nor does it support the inductive conclusions attempted to be drawn in later sections.

The generalized sections, Parts III, IV, and V, contain some interesting contributions, notably those by Byron Brophy, E. Franklin Frazier, Samuel Koenig, and Maurice R. Davie. But most of the contributions in these sections impressed me as being hastily prepared restatements of painfully familiar concepts, theories, and "problems." What these sections lack is imaginative insight into real situations. The contributors seem to be forever walking around "the problems" they are discussing, parading the various minorities and exhibiting, in an awkward and self-conscious manner, their respective "contributions" to American culture. Frankly, I am inclined to believe that teachers and social workers—and perhaps even clergymen—might gain a better insight into the "minorities problem" from Richard Wright's "Black Boy," J. Saunders Redding's "No Day of Triumph," and from Louis Adamic's "From Many Lands," than they are likely to gain from this ponderous tome.



In the source-book prepared by Stern and Locke, to which I have referred, the editors were at considerable pains to stress the relation of racial and cultural conflicts to larger issues, such as the rise of industrialism, the growth of colonial imperialism, and the various power-drives inherent in our society. For example, one entire section was devoted to "The Ways of Dominant Peoples: Devices of Power." It is this kind of realism that is so conspicuously lacking in "One America." Unless so-called minority problems are related to the functioning and behavior of particular groups in a competitive industrial society, the discussion invariably tends to become so preoccupied with abstractions, such as "prejudice," "marginality," "biculturality," and the like, that the average reader completely "loses sight of the cat." "One America" is heavily burdened with such static preoccupations. By completely ignoring the special significance which minority problems acquire in a revolutionary period, by overlooking the importance of propaganda and organized agitation, by failing to consider the role that systematic discrimination and provocation play in the creation of prejudicial attitudes, most of the contributors fail to relate the problems they discuss to the rapidly changing world in which we live.

It would require a long article to focus attention upon the numerous assumptions, in a volume of this size, that should be critically examined. I will mention only one. In the opening chapter, Dr. Brown states that ethnocentrism is the basis of differentiation between majority and minority groups; and other contributors make the same assumption. Such being the assumption, the logical conclusion is drawn that the minorities problem poses, in essence, "a problem of individual behavior," or a "problem of attitudes." Various educational proposals are then outlined by which these deceitful ethnocentric notions might be corrected. Anti-fascists will be rather surprised to learn that the minorities problem is "as old as civilization" and that there is nothing "new" about it in our time.

Even assuming that ethnocentrism accounts for the differentiation between majority and minority, this assumption hardly explains the acuteness which the minority question has

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come to assume. Is the persecution of the Jews in Germany to be explained merely upon the basis of a lack of understanding between an "in-group" and an "out-group?" Does a tendency toward ethnocentrism satisfactorily account for the hostile feeling in some sections of California against the return of Japanese-Americans? A typical Nazi, thoroughly sophisticated in the techniques of prejudice, would sneer at such an explanation. When and where in the modern world have racial and cultural differences, without relation to other factors, resulted in the persecution of a minority? The feeling against returning Japanese-Americans in California is largely traceable to the provocative activities of compactly organized groups, representing in no section a majority of the people, who deliberately foment anti-Japanese prejudice for their own ends and purposes. I know most of these professional anti-Japanese agitators. They are not "prejudiced" against Japanese-Americans: they are simply experts in the manufacture of prejudice. To indicate the naivete that pervades this volume, suffice it to say that in seven hundred pages devoted to the "minorities" problem in America there is to be found no mention of organized anti-semitism nor any discussion of the role that organized provocative minorities play in fostering prejudicial attitudes in a period of social transition. While the contributors to this volume talk about a long range educational program, Mr. Elmer Roper, our leading public opinion analyst, warns of a post-war revival of the KKK and points to an alarming increase of "anti" feeling throughout the country.

It would require still another article to point out the numerous inaccurate or misleading statements to be found in this volume. Again I will cite merely one example. In discussing the various political divisions in the Yugoslav communities in the United States, Dr. Roucek states that "these lines of division were further intensified by the activities of Louis Adamic, typified by his thesis in 'My Native Land' that the government-in-exile was represented by the reactionary elements, unworthy of the cause of Yugoslavia represented by Marshal Tito." Far from intensifying these divisions, it is certainly my impression that Louis Adamic has united the various Yugoslav elements in this country as they have never been united before. And while he may have been developing a "thesis in 1943 when he wrote 'My Native Land'," it so happens that both Drazha Mikhailovitch and the Yugoslav government-in-exile have long since obligingly demonstrated its truthfulness and general accuracy.

The Success of a Mission

SURRENDER ON DEMAND. By Varian Fry. New York: Random House. 1945. 243 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

FIVE years ago a young American was sent on a secret mission to France in which he matched his wits with cunning Gestapo agents, heartless Vichy officials, double crossing French gangsters, and, sometimes, not too coöperative United States consuls. His name is Varian Fry, and in "Surrender on Demand" he tells us the strange story of his adventures and experiences with simplicity and

Varian Fry got "more than 1,000 out of the grip of the Gestapo."

a touch of bitter irony which heightens its tragic background.

We may have forgotten it, but in June, 1940 we read in our newspapers a report which filled all friends of France with shame: the Vichy Government, in the armistice agreement with Hitler, had granted the Nazis the right to demand the extradition of all political refugees the Germans wanted to get their hands on. Many thousands of writers and musicians, painters and sculptors, scientists and scholars, Christians and Jews alike, were caught in a deadly trap. And this in a country that had always offered asylum to political exiles! Would the civilized world stand by and let these men and women be murdered?

A handful of fine-spirited Americans who stood for decency and liberty the world over decided something must be done, and that they would do it. The Emergency Rescue Committee was formed. Headed by William Allan Neilson and Dr. Frank Kingdon the Committee collected funds and sent Varian Fry, a former editor of *Living Age,* to Marseille. In his pocket was a list of two hundred men and women he was asked to smuggle out of France. Franz Werfel, Konrad Heiden, Heinrich Mann, Lion Feuchtwanger, Mark Chagall, Jacques Hadamard, the Einstein of France, were among them. Mr. Frey had planned to stay four weeks in Marseille and he remained thirteen months—until he was expelled. During that time he made contacts with more than 15,000 frightened and desperate men and women, and got more than 1,000 of these intellectuals out of the menacing grip of the Gestapo.

But it was not only passports the many thousands of refugees needed. It was necessary to have the exit visa from France, the transit visas for Spain and Portugal, the American affidavit. Sometimes you were lucky to get one of these stamps—and found that the other had expired. Or you had all visas except the French exit permit. But even the Spanish transit visa did not save you if the Seguridad had you on its list. One day a Chinese visa saved your life, the next day it had become worthless. You could book passage on a ship going to Martinique and thought you were out of danger—and two hours later you heard that all sailings had been cancelled. There were many who felt they could never go through Spain in the ordinary way. Mr. Fry "hired" a diplomatic car to take them to Lisbon—and the gangster-driver took the bribe but forgot the car. Some of Mr. Fry's "clients" were smuggled into Africa, some had to climb over mountains to reach Spanish territory, others reached Gibraltar in small boats. There was always the threat of arrest and concentration camp over the heads of these Nazi victims, and also over the heads of Varian Fry and his brave, but not always very reliable, helpers.

There are a larger number of highly exciting and almost unbelievable stories in this deeply moving but often also highly amusing book. Friends of light adventure novels will undoubtedly like it. And friends of humanity will see much more in it than an adventure story although it deals with forging passports, with hiding and escaping from detectives, with secret messages hidden in a toothpaste tube, and with an underground railroad over a well-protected border. They will see in it a memorial to the man who made what he modestly calls "an experiment in democratic solidarity" and also to the women and men who sent him on his dangerous mission.

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Strictly Personal

TOO MANY CHIPS ON TOO MANY SHOULDERS

THE conversation took a turn when someone asked what the difference was between state capitalism and state socialism. Everyone tried to explain how they were the same or how they differed. My friend suggested that Nazi society was state capitalism because private ownership continued whereas Russia had state socialism. This explanation satisfied no one.

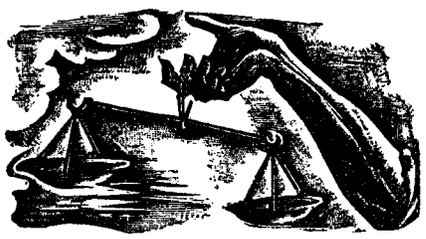
I recalled the Hohfeldian description of property rights as a bundle of sticks, each of which represented some right in property enforcible by law. All that was left of property rights in Germany was two of these sticks—the bare title to property and the right to receive some income from it. All the other sticks had been taken away, such as the right to determine the amount of the income, the right to invest capital, the right to hire and fire, the right to borrow from whom and on what terms one pleased, the wages to be paid, the right of management, and, if you were not acceptable to the Nazi hierarchy, even the right to the title of the property. There was not much more capitalism left in Germany, therefore, than in the Soviet Union, except perhaps for Goering and a few of his friends.

An old-line Socialist present protested that communist Russia was not socialist because socialism presumed democratic practices, not dictatorship.

My friend assured us that in some ways there was more democracy in Russia than there was here. Labor, for example, he said, was not at the mercy of the owner of the factory. Labor could criticize management in a way it was impossible to do here.

Let me say that my friend is not a communist party member nor is he a fellow traveler, nor has he the least respect for American Communists. They have interfered with him in his professional life and he thinks them irrelevant to the American scene. They are to him characterless people adjusting their principles to what they imagine the wishes of the Kremlin may be at the moment. But he truly believes that Russia is democratic because it is free of capitalist management. Such omissions as freedom of the press, freedom to criticize government, freedom of assembly, habeus corpus, and the right to form an opposition party are to him only temporary blemishes. So when my friend found some live roots of democracy under the Russian snows he was inclined to cry, "Spring is here."

We got over into a discussion of the arbitrary use of power and someone cited the war against Finland in 1939. Was that war not justified by the events, asked my friend. We said that we thought that a problem of moral right was involved and that peaceful society must be prepared to recognize such right, that if the end justified the means and the mere possession of power was to legitimatize aggressive action, then Hitler too was innocent; then it became only a matter of whose ox was gored.



Then in the course of the argument my friend said two things: first, that if we felt that way he supposed we must challenge Russia's boundary claims; and, second, if we felt there was so little difference between German and communist autocracy and between Germany and the Soviet Union as aggressors, why did we support a war against Germany and not against Russia as well?

It is the dangerous fallacies implicit in these points that prompts this paper. Unquestionably many people in America who disapprove of the Russian system are so blinded by hatred that they must deny all justice to Russian boundary claims and feel that after we clean up Hitler and Hirohito we must gird ourselves to wipe up the floor with Stalin. This position seems to me to be completely erroneous and reckless. It is equally erroneous and reckless to impute these fallacies to those who question Soviet democracy and who repudiate aggression by whosoever practised.

To assume that everyone who disagrees with you must be threatening to destroy you may be an infantile or paranoid trait. Disagreement is not necessarily destructive. It need not be aggressive. It may be fruitful. This is a fundamental testimony of democracy. It is the gift of separatism in Great Britain. It was emphasized for us by Madison in the *Federalist*. It is the essential meaning of the unwritten British Constitution and is crystalized in our Bill of Rights. Friends of the Soviets recognize this Anglo-American acceptance of difference when the Dies Committee is under discussion, but they tend to rage against criticism of their pet Borzoi.

The difficulty with the chip-on-the-shoulder attitude, the position that if you criticize me your mother must have been a she dog and you are fit only for character assassination if not for the real McCoy—the difficulty with this is that if continued long enough it must lead to violence. It must bring violence if for no other reason than that there comes a point at which it is no longer possible to ignore or appease without being consumed by the aggressive behavior of the other fellow. That is what the invasion of Poland meant to Great Britain and France.

IT is not in the interest of peace and good relations for the spokesmen of the Soviet Union and its friends to use verbal superforts to reply to expressions of disagreement. But reasonable men can hold no brief for those who maintain that there is not and can be no good in Soviet Russia or communism. This is the same pattern as that of any other species of bigotry. It is the design of that closed-mindedness which sees in Negroes a lower species of mankind, which sees no good in Jews, which sees in Catholics a disciplined army of a foreign obscurantist power—and which sees in capitalism no good whatsoever.

Now, if one believes that everything that Russia does is not necessarily wrong, one can find justice in her claim to the Balkan states, Poland east of the Curzon line, Bessarabia and even part of the Karelian Peninsula. The Baltic states had been part of Russia for more than a hundred years when the powers at Versailles divested Russia of them. Eastern Poland, Finland, and Bessarabia had at that time also been part of Russia for a century or more. In view of the attitude evidenced by sending the Allied expeditionary forces to help the counter-revolution, it is not too much to suppose that if the Czar had still been on the throne in 1919—or even if Kerensky had been in power in the Winter Palace—no independence would have been granted to the Baltic states. Moreover, most of Poland east of the Curzon line came to Poland not by treaty, not from the peace table of 1919, but by active war by Poland against Russia. Bessarabia, too, had been taken by Rumania by force. Its seizure was never sanctified by treaty. It might therefore seem to a fair-minded person that Russia has as good

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right to the European boundaries it now claims as did France to Alsace-Lorraine after the Franco-Prussian War.

At one time or another, of course, Russia attained the boundaries she claims *vi et armis*. She did overrun Lithuania, the Ukraine, Turkestan, and other lands. But there must be a statute of limitations running even against the crimes of nations. Otherwise how would we dispose of the justice of any claim that might be made by Mexico, for example, to California, Nevada, and Colorado? There is no nation, big or small, which has not at one age or another sinned against the peace and territorial integity of some other land.

But, it will be said, you forget about the principle of self-determination. Perhaps that is like some other Wilsonian phrases—the war to end war and to save the world for democracy—phrases which helped win the First World War but which, taken alone, without reference to the surrounding political, economic, and cultural contours of the world, were quite fantastic. Certainly from 1861 to 1865 we Americans scarcely recognized the right of self-determination—and the ultimate peace of this continent would not have been promoted if that principle had triumphed then. Self-determination has rarely been the sole factor in determining local independence. It was not even applied consistently at Versailles. The fate of Danzig, Memel, Vilna, Fiume, and the Sudetenland were not settled on the basis of self-determination. Any consistent application of the idea of self-determination would lead to absurd results and constant turmoil. Is it not more important for peoples to learn to live amicably together, respectful of one another, than for minorities to be splintering off or selling themselves first to one master and then to another?

THE real difficulty for most Americans in connection with Russian absorption of borderlands is not legal or historical. It is rather because of the Russian system, which some of us fear, some disapprove, and some hate for its economic pattern, or in the past at least for its treatment of religion, or some for its brutal denial of civil rights. But there is no country which has been so respectful of the cultural interests of minority groups. The most virulent foe of Soviet Russia must concede that it has the literature, the language, and the customs of all its varied peoples. It is not Stalin the military genius or Stalin the brutal dictator who should be remembered by history, but Stalin the man who developed and implemented a constructive attitude towards racial and cultural differences. This respect Russia will accord the provinces to be included within its new boundaries. However tragic may be the fate of Social-Democrats in Poland, minority cultural groups will not suffer by reason of the fact that they are minorities or culturally different from any other part of Russia, as they did by reason of their minority status under the Poles, the Rumanians, and the Lithuanians.

Though one can accept Russian boundary claims in Europe, one can still resent Russian truculence. Perhaps Russia may have a claim to a zone of influence in Iran—though that smacks more of nineteenth century imperialism. More evil even than such imperialism, however, it seems to me, was the aggressiveness of Stalin's recent attack on those who questioned his policy in that region.

The final point that my friend made was that, if one saw little difference between German and Russian autocracy and aggression, why should we not support a war against Russia as well as against Germany. The most obvious answer, of course, is that when we became involved in the war, Russia was already fighting our enemy Germany and we hoped that Russia would join us in the future in fighting our foe Japan.

But that is not all. German aggression and Japanese aggression could find no single outlet except by exportation. They had to go abroad. Their dynamics required new triumphs. Germany and Japan were highly developed countries. They had few additional natural resources to tap. They could not in peace make the economic readjustments necessary to release the energy of their aggressive drives in further internal development.

This is not the case with Russia. It is an undeveloped country. It has lost heavily in population and in productive wealth through this war. If not threatened by other nations it should be able to absorb the aggressive drives of its autocratic government and institutions in numberless constructive enterprises, in many five-year plans. This is the wholesome way for any nation as well as any individual to direct aggressive drives. A country as tortured by war as Russia has been will certainly choose this outlet for its energies rather than willingly prepare for and fight another war.

—*Justus in the* Minneapolis Star-Journal

A Couple of Guys Named Joe

OUR interest, therefore, is to encourage the Soviet Union in the development of resources and the provision of its people with consumer goods. It is to our interest to help Russia improve its facilities and raise its living standards. This would relieve the Russians of much dangerous tension—if we do not at the same time make them fearful that we are preparing for war against them.

Finally, it must be obvious that for a long time after this war the only two great military powers will be the United States and the Soviet Union. With her small population and depleted resources, Great Britain will be little if any stronger than France. It is questionable, too, whether in a new war the interests of Canada, Australia, and New Zealand will hereafter be as closely aligned to those of Great Britain as to our own. There can be no great war and few small ones for a long time to come if we maintain friendly relations with Russia, if our two nations are firmly committed to let no other interest divert us from our common interest in not warring with each another. This has been so well said and so often stated, that it should require no repetition but I fear that it does. Too many of us remain only intellectually convinced. Too many of us permit our resentment of Russian practices and attitudes to restrain us from giving wholehearted support to our greatest national interest, that is, the avoidance of a new great war.

This is not to say that we must kowtow to the Soviets, that we must pander to Russian truculence. Our patience will doubtless be tried many times before the Russians feel sufficiently secure and the Communist Party administration has been sufficiently liberalized to feel less threatened. We must have sufficient strength and security of our own to be respected, and I do not refer to military strength alone but also strength of purpose, sureness of the righteousness of our aims, and a sense that we are doing domestic justice. And we must have the forthrightness to tell anyone with a chip on his shoulder that our way is to talk things out.

JAMES MARSHALL.

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ABOLISH THE OWI?

THE Office of War Information has had two strikes against it ever since it was created in 1942. Americans are generally (and perhaps naturally) distrustful of anything smacking of organized information or propaganda; they are naturally fearful of being sold a bill of goods, particularly when the salesman happens to be the government. Thus there has been no public clamor against the periodic attempts by Congress and by the press to trim the OWI or even to scrap it.

Now a curious fact about the Office of War Information is that it is severely limited in its ability to give out information about itself, or to defend itself. It has become pretty much the favorite punching-bag in Washington, and it hasn't been able to hit back, nor can it lower its guard to avoid being hit below the belt. That is part of the price of being a government agency. The only time you can put a few licks in for yourself is when you come before Congress for your annual appropriation, and we of course use the word "licks" in its most proper sense. But any attempt to answer charges by the press violates the first and second commandments of government service: "Thou shalt not become involved in any public disputes," and "Thou shalt suffer in silence."

Thus, there was no back talk from the head of the OWI recently when the policy he had announced for outside publications coming into Germany was roundly denounced in the press, and later reversed by the President. So far as the public was concerned, this policy was made to appear to be Mr. Davis's flight of fancy, just as President Truman's reversal was presented to the public as a personal rebuke of Mr. Davis. A few reporters, however, who were conscientious enough to dig for their material, came up with the information that the questioned policy originally had been the result, in part at least, of Army decision which OWI was attempting to implement.

This episode provided the preponderance of the press with a field day against the OWI. Exuberantly, newspaper editorials jumped into the fight. The war in Europe was over. Whatever the need was that gave birth to the OWI, that need had now disappeared. And since the OWI was before Congress for new appropriations, what better time to get out the meat ax?

This is one temptation we hope the American people will resist. No one claims that the OWI can win a war; that was never its purpose. But the OWI can accomplish important objectives—important, that is, if you agree that this war is a test of ideas as much as it is of machines; if you agree that other people's opinions about America are of consequence, particularly as those opinions may influence the type of peace we hope to get, or the type of coöperation we need so badly; if you agree that military victory is not an end in itself but a means to an end.

What did we hope to achieve by crushing Germany? We hoped to be able to accomplish two things. We wanted to crush forever German militarism and the German power of aggression, and we hoped to win the opportunity for setting up the framework of a post-war world which could establish some measure of security. But to do this we must first supplement the physical occupation of Germany with the propaganda occupation of the German mind. For the real war against Nazism has only begun. It is a job not only of reëducation, but of intellectual deodorization. And now that the opportunity for which we have been fighting has come, it is too late to turn our backs.

We assume that the American people are concerned about what happens to Germany, that it is more than an idle question to them whether Nazism is stamped out root and branch. We base this assumption on the fact that we plan to keep hundreds of thousands, or perhaps more, of armed American soldiers in Germany until such time as it is decided that the sanitation of Germany is sufficiently complete to give Germany back to the German people. But this job will take more than the threat of guns. It requires the constant and careful implementation of hard facts.

Germany will be asking some questions. After thirteen years of the most intense one-way propaganda the world has known, it will have serious gaps in its knowledge—serious not only for the Germans, but serious for us, since a considerable part of that propaganda was directed against America. This doesn't mean that we should try to foist American democracy on Germany, since democracy, obviously, can only come from within, given a chance and certain basic conditions. Our attitude should be that democracy is for the deserving. This is something Germans have to work for and sweat for, and, if necessary, to die for. But for the benefit of those who would like to know how democracy works, and what American democracy really is, we should, of course, be ready to supply the desired information. In doing this, we should assiduously avoid any impression that we are in the business of democracy for export, or that we are going to present Germany with democracy as though it were a floral wreath or a statue.

There will be other questions asked by Germany, some of them perhaps more pertinent. Already, American military government officers are being asked why their cities have been leveled; why the Americans and the British haven't protected Germany from the Russians, or conversely, why we didn't permit Germany to save us from the "Soviet hordes"; what it is that we dislike about Nazism; why we tried to stop Germany from ridding itself of Judaism; why we forced Germany to go to war, and so forth.

To all of these questions, it will be our job to let Germany have the answers right between the eyes. No sugar-coating, no synthetic intellectualism, no phony genteelism. Just the plain, unvarnished truth which can tell them why their cities are in ruins, why they have stirred up a feeling of loathing all over the world that they cannot expect to have shut off like a garden hose just because the fighting is over. We have got to tell them plainly and directly why America is opposed to their Nazi ideology and why we do not propose to allow the same threat to arise again. We must cite chapter and verse from "Mein Kampf," taking apart piece by piece that ludicrous assemblage of intuitive anthropology, bloated nationalism, and preposterous obsessions about the divine right of the German people to rule.

This is one of the most challenging and necessary jobs this country has had to face. It is made all the more crucial because the largest age group in Germany today is the adolescents—a group which, from the cradle, has been bred into the Nazi mythos and folklore, a group which today *still* is Nazism's greatest actual and potential source of strength. Do we propose to ignore this infection?

If so, we will help to convince the Germans that Hitler was even righter than he himself supposed when he said that Americans may be able to do a job, but they never know why.

N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Armed Services Editions

SIR: Before being sent on a G.I. junket of the world, I knew from reading *The Saturday Review* that there were armed services editions provided by the Council of Books in Wartime. Now after a seemingly interminable voyage made bearable only through the ministrations of these books, I can pay personal tribute to their effect on the morale of the transient soldier.

On the ship, everywhere one looked, one saw soldiers eagerly devouring these books, oblivious of overcrowded decks, a blazing sun, and a heaving ocean. Even lipreaders stubbornly plodded their laborious way through them. Whenever a spare moment or an empty space permitted, the books emerged from hip pockets. It was an encouraging discovery to a former English teacher such as I to discover that leisure plus a readily available book inevitably equals a reader.

The format of the books should be adopted by all commercial publishers of pocket size books. Two columns on a page makes the book truly pocket size, and the flexible yet sturdy binding makes a durable book whereas other pocket editions disintegrate into handfuls of loose leaves.

The titles are, on the whole, wisely chosen, although "Emerson's Essays" and "The Republic of Plato" found a limited public. The lack of controversial material is, of course, to be deplored; yet the books we really seek are the novels, long novels whose sweep of narrative provides escape from the problems of the present.

From my limited observation I found the most popular titles to be "As the Earth Turns," "Windswept," "Little Caesar," and, most appreciated of all, "Roughly Speaking." The number of letters written home about the latter must surely have caused a boom in the American sales of that gusty account that afforded so many of us the laugh of recognition that makes reading such a personal pleasure. The Western novels found a ready audience and interested many pulp addicts in a higher type of their favorite brand of reading. Many of us felt the lack of travel books. I would have given my right arm for a copy of "Mother India" or Lin Yutang's "My Country and My People." I also felt the lack of current titles, since, with few exceptions, the "current" titles were at least two years old. I hoped to find a reprint of "Good Night, Sweet Prince" or "Bedford Village."

I hope that the success of the Armed Services Editions will encourage their continuance on a commercial basis when the war is over. The American soldier is becoming an avid reader through force of circumstances. Let the publishers keep him so after the war by letting him buy *current* books for the same price he might pay for a magazine. Let them not drive him back to the intellectual stagnation of the pulps and the slick magazines. Publication of a 25c edition concurrently with the conventional cloth-bound edition will meet publics that do not overlap and will bring two separate revenues to the publisher at the same time. The Armed Services Editions have developed a new reading public that has discovered the satisfaction to be found in books. May the individual publishers continue to satisfy that hunger instead of withdrawing nourishment by returning to outworn publishing policies.

Meanwhile, every soldier is indebted to the Council for the free Armed Services Editions. Since arriving in India, I have sought them in vain, yet I add my thanks for their help in maintaining my sanity and emotional balance during a trying time.

Very truly yours,
PFC. JOHN L. VAN DER VOORT.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Frankly, Mr. Morse, the prospect of instantaneous communication fills me with apprehension."

Literary Courage

SIR: Possibly *SRL* readers would be interested in this little known anecdote about Hardy:

Not long before Thomas Hardy died, Clarence Darrow visited him in England and asked him which of his novels had been his favorite.

Hardy replied that his favorite was "A Pair of Blue Eyes," not so much because of its merit as because of the circumstances of its publication.

It was one of his earlier novels, and at the time he offered it to a publisher his funds were so low that he had not been eating regularly and was almost desperate. It looked as if life itself depended on a favorable decision from the publisher. Finally the publisher sent for Hardy and told him: "We have decided to bring out your book provided you will rewrite the last chapter,"—and went ahead to outline the proposed changes.

Hardy shook his head. "No," he said, "such changes would make an inartistic piece of work. Unless it is to be published exactly as I wrote it, I'd rather burn it."

A few days later the publisher sent word that he would accept the book without change.

FRED C. KELLY.
Peninsula, Ohio.

Information, Please

SIR: I am working on a biographical novel built around the life and times of Eugene V. Debs, and am eager to see letters, papers, and documents in the possession of his friends. I am also anxious to hear all authentic stories, anecdotes, and experiences of those who knew and worked with Debs. Since I plan to do portraits of such men as Daniel De Leon, Samuel Gompers, Victor Berger, Morris Hillquit, Robert G. Ingersoll, Eugene Field, James Whitcomb Riley, Bill Nye, and Debs's many other associates between 1875 and 1925, I would appreciate information on them as well.

All letters and papers will be returned safely.

IRVING STONE.
Encino, California.

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TRADE Winds

A FAVORITE and effective device of novelists for establishing the time of an episode or wooing a mood of gentle and nostalgic reminiscence on the part of their readers is the introduction of the names of songs, shows, and motion pictures that were popular at the moment in question. There is nothing wrong with this when the authors have taken the trouble to check their facts and dates, but when they depend upon their memories, as they seem to do all too frequently, they are sometimes many years out of line.

Some time ago Trade Winds printed a list of the popular song hits of the past twenty years, the response to which encouraged me to dig up the following motion picture statistics. Later in the year, I shall have a column on the Broadway theatre, too. The three lists together will, I hope, save authors a lot of laborious digging through musty old files and prove helpful in keeping dates straight.

In 1928, Hollywood inaugurated the Academy Award system, bestowing trophies, promptly dubbed "Oscars," for the producers of the year's best picture, outstanding actor, actress, director, script writer, and sundry other categories. Despite frequent hints of dirty work at the crossroads in the determination of the final winners, and piteous cries from studio politicians who failed to bring home the ham, the list of winning pictures and players is, I think, as useful a guide as possible for novelists with short memories.

A joint award inaugurated the program, equal honors being bestowed on "Sunrise" and "Wings." The first stars to get the nod were Janet Gaynor and Emil Jannings.

Academy winners in the following years were:

1929: "Broadway Melody"; Mary Pickford; Warner Baxter.
1930: "All Quiet on the Western Front"; Norma Shearer; George Arliss.
1931: "Cimarron"; Marie Dressler; Lionel Barrymore.
1932: "Grand Hotel"; Helen Hayes; Fredric March.
1933: "Cavalcade"; Katharine Hepburn; Charles Laughton.
1934: "It Happened One Night"; Claudette Colbert; Clark Gable.
1935: "Mutiny on the Bounty"; Bette Davis; Victor McLaglen.
1936: "The Great Ziegfeld"; Luise Rainer; Paul Muni.
1937: "Life of Emile Zola"; Luise Rainer; Spencer Tracy.
1938: "You Can't Take It With You"; Bette Davis; Spencer Tracy.
1939: "Gone with the Wind"; Vivien Leigh; Robert Donat.
1940: "Rebecca"; Ginger Rogers; James Stewart.
1941: "How Green Was My Valley"; Joan Fontaine; Gary Cooper.
1942: "Mrs. Miniver"; Greer Garson; James Cagney.
1943: "Casablanca"; Jennifer Jones; Paul Lukas.
1944: "Going My Way"; Ingrid Bergman; Bing Crosby.

With a passing admonition to count the number of prize pictures that were based on popular novels, the class is now dismissed. . . .

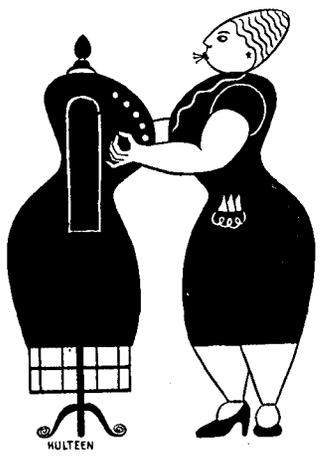
WHEN GEORGE STEWART received his advance royalty check for "Names on the Land," he told Joe Jackson, of the *San Francisco Chronicle,* "I'm tired of depositing little pieces of paper in a bank and seeing a single entry in a little, black book as the only reward for my writing efforts. That happened with 'Storm,' but it's not going to with this new one." True to his word, he lugged a bagful of shiny, new silver dollars from the bank, and when his wife came home she found him running his hands through a great pile of them on the dining room table. "Remind you a bit of Mr. Morgenthau?" asked Stewart. "Mr. Morgenthau nothing," said his wife. "Silas Marner!" . . . .

ERNEST LEHMAN, up-and-coming young Perelman-about-town, takes time out from a humorous book he is writing to send Trade Winds the following good-natured rib on the *New York Post's* popular Broadway columnist:

I AM GAZING INTO
MY EARL WELL

Minerva Titwillow has a fake tooth!

I am here to tell you that one of those pearly white charmers of hers is as phony as a playboy's pompadour.



I unearthed this startling bit of Americana at the Stork Club last night when the mouthy, hippy, lippy, busty, lusty, leggy lady bit me in the right hand as I was sitting in her lap.

Well, I yanked my hand away quickly—like a Broadwayite reaching for a check—but it was too late. The damage had been done, and the secret was out. So was the tooth. Imbedded in my palm was the sexiest molar I had ever seen and believe me I have seen some sexy molars in my time, and I don't mean on the end of a watch chain. It was a far sexier molar than Tallulah Bankhead's and much more exciting than the beautiful bicuspids of Carole Landis, who was also at the Stork last night, feeling my arm like Mad (Mad happens to be my favorite arm-feeler but she was at El Morocco at the time).

"Goodness," I cried, tripping Toots Shor as he was insulting Frank Fay in the act of telling Bert Wheeler Bea Lillie's favorite story. "Do you see what I see?"

"That's all there is, there isn't any molar," she giggled.

So I tripped her, too.

Picking herself up from the floor and revealing three inches of bare forearm, she murmured, "I do hope you won't tell your readers that we glamour-pusses use fake teeth."

"Have no fear," I assured her, ever the one to keep my word (I usually keep it in an old cigar box.) "I won't make mockery of your crockery."

Whereupon *she* tripped *me.*

Always the one to keep abreast of the times, I decided to bestir my sodden hulk in the quest of Truth and Beauty (every time the B.W. looks at my hulk she says "This is so sodden"). So I crawled up to the Fifth Avenue offices of one Dr. Maxwell P. Chodorov, a dentist (that, I learn, is what they call the guy who "does things" to your teeth), and I asked him for the uptown lowdown on the dental decoys.

"Yes, it's quite true," he admitted, looking uneasily at the gun in my hand. "Many women—and men, too—have things done to their teeth."

"You mean falsies?" I said in astonishment.

(Dr. Chodorov apparently didn't speak astonishment, so I repeated it in English.)

"That's right," he continued. "You'd be amazed if I told you the names of the famous people and Broadway bums who have things in their teeth besides toothpicks."

"Like for instance," I said, sensing the denouement.

"Sometimes we fill their teeth with gold. Sometimes with porcelain. Sometimes with silver. And of course there are whole sets of . . . er . . . falsies. Here. Sit down and I'll show you."

"Make me sexy, Doctor," I sighed, luxuriously.

Immediately, a gorgeous, leggy, lippy, busty nurse walked in and took my hand in hers.

"Kiss me," I said.

"Be quiet, please," she said passionately, as she applied her warm, luscious thumb to my throbbing wrist. After about a minute of these hot goings-on she said, "About seventy-three, Doctor."

"I *beg* your pardon, I'm not a day

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over thirty," I protested, lying like hell, and before I could say another word they were clapping a mask-like contraption over my face and suddenly Mike Todd is preparing an over-the-river company of his new hit and he's gonna call it Up in Prospect Park and Cugat says why you no Xavier money and then I saw The Voice, The Shape, The Groaner, The Ear, The Look, The Elbow, The Body, The Brain, The Bimbo, The Schnoz, The Abdomen, The Jerk, and Henny Youngman says that during the curfew he got his Five O'Clock Shadow at four o'clock and so I . . . ouch, don't slap me! . . . stop slapping me! . . . hey, cut it out!

"Wake up. Are you all right?" a voice said.

"Don't slap me any more!" I cried. "I'll never do it again, so help me!" But it was Dr. Chodorov and he was putting his hand down and stepping away from me.

"You're all right now. How do you feel?" he said.

"Hand me the nurse," I quipped, "and I'll really show you how well I feel."

(I was sitting down, so he couldn't very well trip me.)

I looked into the mirror aghast. (I had just seen a movie called "Aghast in the House.") Then I blushed furiously with admiration. I was lovely. I was gorgeous. I had the most divinely handsome kisser I had ever seen. I looked utterly sexy. I climbed out of the chair and moved toward the nurse. She looked at me and sighed: "Oh those fascinating choppers. Where *did* you get all that enticing enamel, you great big beautiful thing, you? Bite me, big boy, bite me."

So I bit her.

So she knocked out my great big beautiful teeth. . . .

SCRIBNER'S CONTEMPLATE a volume of Thomas Wolfe letters. If you possess any, will you lend them to Max Perkins, at 597 Fifth Avenue? They will be accurately copied and promptly returned. . . . Sergeant Elliot Burnham counted sixty different adjectives in a single issue of *Variety* that added up to the same thing: box-office prosperity. In the vanguard were "wow," "sock," "boff," "torrid," "monumental," "wham," and "terrific." Since Editor Abel Green has taken to lunching at the Plaza with Hal Horne, Louis Sobol, Mark Hanna, Mike Todd, and other members of the lifted-pinkie set, however, his vocabulary has changed. Asked what he thought of "Carousel," Mons. Green tilted his ready-made bow-tie at a jauntier angle, and replied, "A bit of all right, by George. Ingenious décor!" . . . .

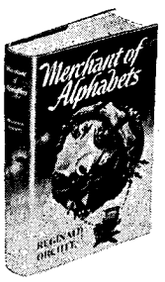
ALEXANDER LEHMAN, who wrote Triangle Shows at Princeton not so long ago, reminds me of the story of the missionary who converted a whole tribe of cannibals in the Australian bush. On the first anniversary of their conversion, they invited the missionary to a great feast. "Delicious meat," he commented. "What is it?" "My favorite wife," beamed the chief. "We didn't think you'd mind one slight deviation to celebrate the occasion." . . . Evelyn Waugh used a variation of this tale to conclude his novel "Black Mischief." The principal ingredient of the stew native chieftains served Basil Seal was his fiancée, Prudence. . . . A more cheerful tale from that dark spot in the world concerns a lieutenant who summoned a corporal and growled, "What's this I hear about your being so drunk last night that you pushed a wheelbarrow through every one of the native huts. Is that the way to keep face with these people?" "You ought to know, sir," answered the corporal. "You were in the wheelbarrow."

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

Atuagagdlitit!
Atuagagdlitit!

In the lingo of the Greenland Eskimo this means (loosely translated, of course) *Read all about it.* Less loosely translated it means "something to read" and is the name of a newspaper established in 1858 by Greenland's first printer. You can atuagagdlitit in REGINALD ORCUTT'S **Merchant of Alphabets,** a travel story with a different twist.



ORCUTT, now a veteran representative of the Mergenthaler Linotype Company, began travelling around the world on business when he was twenty-two, just out of Harvard, and full of enthusiasm. Today a chart of his travels would make the network chart of the telephone company's wires look like the single-track line between Buzzard's Gulch and East Badland. He has been in over 70 different countries, has expounded the intricacies of the typesetting machine to people who learn to read and write in over a thousand different languages and dialects. Printer's ink flows in his veins, and it is said that the first thing he uttered as a baby was "ampfamet" which is baby talk for alphabet.

In **Merchant of Alphabets** the index reads like a combination between Who's Who and McNally's Atlas which is not strange when you realize that the author has been virtually everywhere and met virtually everybody. Anyone who has ever roamed the composing room of a big newspaper has seen those hunched men in green visors delicately sprinkling their fingers over keyboards that have too many letters and in the wrong places. Many of them seem drowsy, but the articulated brains at which they sit click and shift and writhe, and presently the power of the printed word strings in bands around the globe. From Punta Arenas to Hammerfest the brotherhood of writing man roars in the roar of presses, and it's on account of men like REG ORCUTT that someone everywhere's got a deadline to meet.

paul

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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Seeing Things

ON A NOTE OF TRIUMPH

"FREE as air" we used to say. But that was before the air was either "sustaining" or "commercial." That was before Pepsi-Cola hit the spot, before operas had turned to soap, before Kreml and the Kremlin were to find themselves roommates in the same sentence. That was before the networks had invaded the wide domains of Eolus; before words had truly become wingéd and could fly faster and farther than the stoutest or the swiftest birds.

Without meaning to be prophetic, Addison had hinted at what might be in store for us. Although the dial and the microphone, the megacycle, and waves either short or long, were beyond his eighteenth-century vision, he had imagined the terrors and the humors of the skies made vocal. In *The Tatler* he had depicted what might happen if the words of men—words frozen, hence unheard and forgotten when uttered in the icy air of winter—suddenly returned to plague their speakers when released by a thaw some three weeks later.

But, though Addison guessed some of the amusements and embarrassments of a word-filled sky, he can scarcely be blamed for not having anticipated the radio. How many of us, only a quarter of a century ago, realized the importance of the machine before which we sat, when we put on our earphones and strained to hear, above the roar of static, a voice struggling to reach us through the unwired ether from a nearby town?

In 1921, the radio had an audience of 50,000. In other words, it occupied approximately the same position that television does today. In 1922, according to a statement of Herbert Hoover, 600,000 families listened in. By 1923 some 2,500,000 sets were distributed throughout the land.

Yet how many of us then foresaw that here was an instrument which would shrink the world and revolutionize international relations by obliterating distance? How many of us sensed that this was a magic carpet of sound which would bring Cairo, London, Washington, Moscow, Chungking into faraway homes at the flick of a dial, and make the voices of distant leaders as familiar to us by our own firesides as the voices of our families?

How many of us knew then that had this incredible invention been perfected a decade earlier, and hence been available to Woodrow Wilson when he was campaigning for the League, not only might his own life have been spared but the course of history altered?

How many of us imagined that here was a machine which would demand that the air be mysteriously subdivided and busily programmed; a machine which would make jokes no less than shots heard 'round the world; a machine which would in reality create the music of the spheres; satisfy children of all ages, bring consolation to lonely housewives, advice to the lovelorn, create havoc in New Jersey, follow play-by-play a war throughout a tragic universe, and at last announce peace in Europe to a bruised but grateful world. How many of us understood at first that this same machine, while performing all its manifold other services, would demand and create a new and highly challenging art form?

I mention this new air form, and the phenomenal spread and growth of radio, because radio can be said to have celebrated an important birthday by both the publication and performance of Norman Corwin's V-E Day script, "On a Note of Triumph."* If you wish to realize how fully radio has matured in an incredibly short time, and to comprehend its special possibilities when it is operating at its distinguished best, you have only to hear or read Mr. Corwin's "On a Note of Triumph." It provides an exception, both exciting and brilliant, to the average dramatic entertainments offered on the air.

Most of these are apt to be considerably less than mediocre. In spite of the technical skill shown in their production, they are mainly hack work. As such, they are designed more to fill an hour than a need. They pass the time as deliberately as they bypass the mind. They do not pretend to be literature. They function merely as an air current charged with words, sound effects, and a story. It is not their author's skill that they make manifest so much as it is their author's fear of the listening public; a public which they take pains to underestimate.

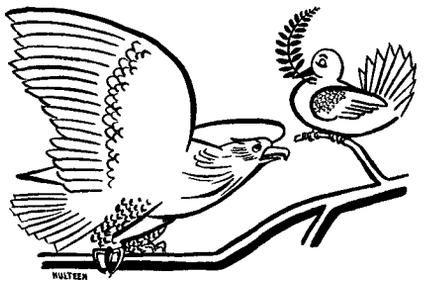
Radio speaks frankly of this public in terms of a pyramid. The target at which it usually aims is the base of that pyramid rather than the top. The nearer to the base, the wider the listening public is assumed to be. To include the interests of this base, some radio dramas are fearful of being too adult because the children may be listening. They are no less afraid of telling the children the truth because their parents may be tuned in. The air is really America's last Puritan. More often than not it operates with as much caution as if Cotton Mather were eavesdropping. It is as dismayed at the thought of offending orthodoxies as it is reluctant to speak in fully literate terms.

As I say, among the writers of radio scripts Mr. Corwin is a notable exception. There are not many distinguished poets who have realized the potentialities of the air as a means of dramatic expression. Stephen Vincent Benét and Archibald MacLeish are among the few Americans who have. Mr. Corwin is another.

Unlike Mr. Benét and Mr. MacLeish, however, Mr. Corwin is a literary man whose career, in Arch Oboler's fashion, has been devoted exclusively to the microphone. In the most literal sense of the word he is air-minded. The radio is his chosen outlet. It is the medium he knows. At it he excels; for it he has a proper respect. He is a radio writer as surely as a man who only writes novels is a novelist, or one who concentrates on plays is a dramatist. To be a radio writer is not to belong to the world's oldest profession, but to a new and beckoning one. To do justice to the medium, you must possess a sense of the microphone as special as is a sense of theatre. An air drama demands its own technique.

Television may be just around the corner. When it comes, it will, of course, revolutionize radio, as we now know it, as surely as the silent films were revolutionized by the talkies. Until the advent of television, radio may be said to be where the motion pictures were when they were speechless. With this important difference. The silent films asked us to see before they permitted us to hear. Radio invites us to hear without, so far, permitting us to see—at least with our

*ON A NOTE OF TRIUMPH. By Norman Corwin. New York: Simon & Schuster, Inc. 1945. 71 pp. $1.50.



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eyes. In it, seeing is not believing—hearing is seeing, hence believing. It speaks to the ear as completely as the silent movies spoke to the eyes. It relies upon sound as they depended upon sight.

Not upon sound effects, or varied voices, or incidental music alone, mind you. Only the poor radio scripts rely on these to do their final work for them. But upon words. Upon visual words, upon words so capable of conjuring images that they grant sight to listening ears.

The Elizabethan dramatists may have served themselves as their own designers. They may have had to set their stages with their verses. Their poetry may have supplied them with the major portion of their scenery. Yet a radio writer such as Mr. Corwin must go further. He must create the very image of his actors. Costume them, too. And define their characters, even while he is providing them with backgrounds. His task is to make us see both them and what they are seeing, at the same time that he is forcing us to feel what he is feeling.

In his brief foreword he tells us that late in 1944 the Columbia Broadcasting System asked him "to write an hour's program hailing victory in Europe." The result was "On a Note of Triumph." Mr. Corwin explains the "antic variations in the size and character of the type" in his printed text, by saying his attempt is to convey in book form "something of the pace and emphasis" of a reading originally "implemented by sound and music." Furthermore he insists that his radio dramatization is not a poem. He even takes pains to describe it as a "non-poem."

Far be it from me to attempt a definition of poetry. If Wordsworth was right, and poetry is emotion recollected in tranquillity, "On a Note of Triumph" is not poetry. On that basis

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FREDRIC MARCH in A Bell for Adano
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only, however, can Mr. Corwin deny his script the name it merits.

He is not recollecting emotions. He is feeling them. Their warmth and fury, their passion and sincerity blaze in his pages. Blessedly his spirit is not tranquil. Tranquillity and the age of Hitler do not go together. Tranquillity and the world's recent outrages, its present agonies, and future hopes are natural enemies.

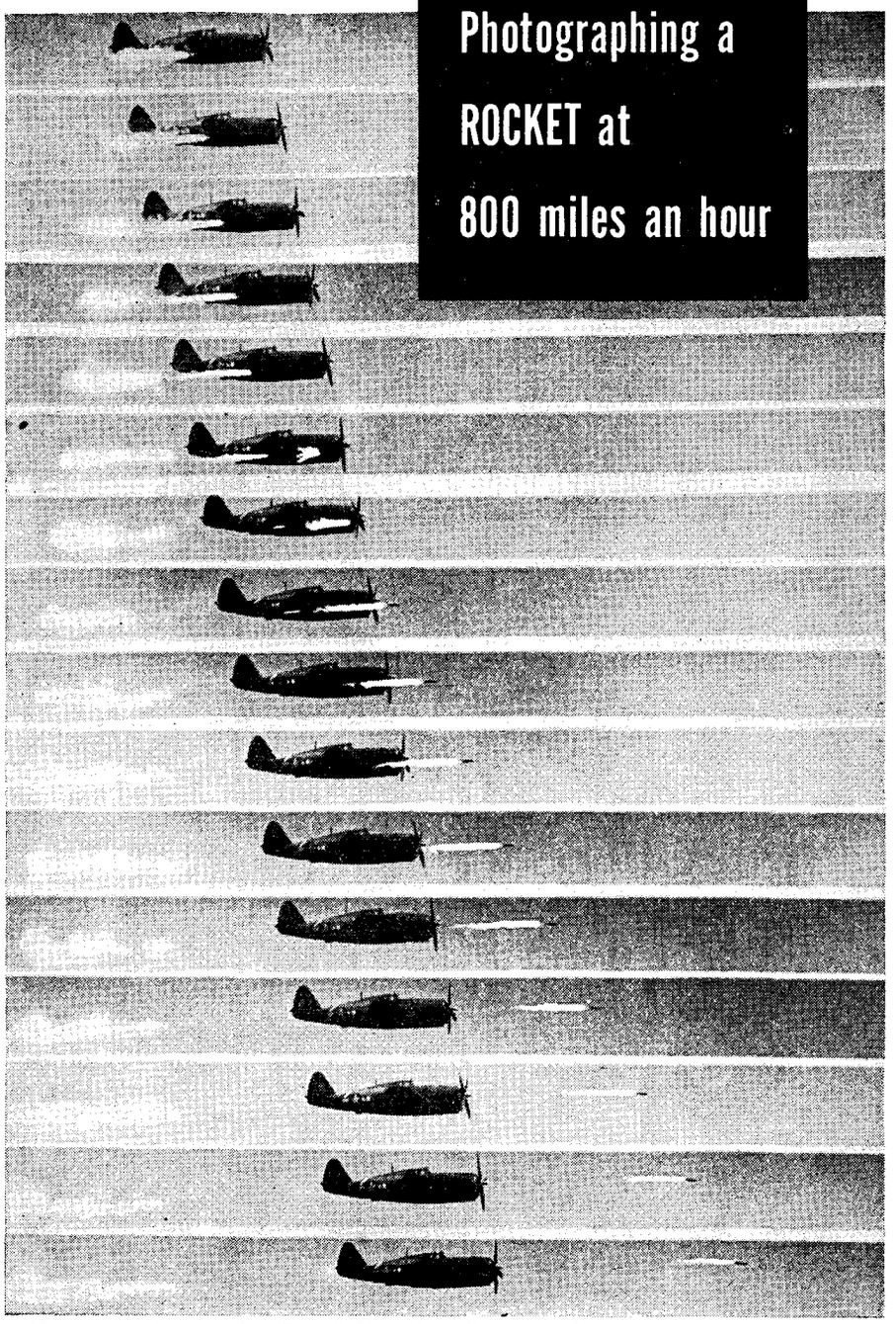
There can be no such thing as rest just now for the perturbed spirit of the believer in democracy who refuses to have all this blood spilled in vain. Victory's coming only magnifies the challenge; only makes the asking of such questions as why we fought this war and what we have learned from it the more imperative. Especially, if we face the facts as Mr. Corwin does, realizing that "a newspaper right at home can lie with a straight face seven days a week, and be as filthy and fascist as a handout in Berlin." Especially, too, if we are wise enough to share Mr. Corwin's knowledge that "freedom isn't something to be won and then forgotten. It must be renewed, like soil after yielding good crops."

Mr. Corwin dares to raise such questions; dares to dramatize their answers, too. His poem, with its Whitmanesque cadences, is a newsreel in words of war emotions, battle reasons, and peace hopes. It is as ubiquitous in its world coverage as only a radio news round-up can be. It is more than a paean to victory, or a record of Nazi aggression and brown-shirt villainy. More than a reminder, too, of the brutalities which have shamed men supposedly civilized. It is an important and stirring statement of the lessons we must have mastered, if you, and I, and all the little men and women in the grip of world events are to be free, happy, and proud in the years ahead.

Naturally, "On a Note of Triumph" is even more effective when heard on the air, as finely performed against the rich background of Bernard Herrmann's score, than it is when read. This is one measure of how superlatively right it is for the medium for which it was intended. But on the printed page it does more than hold up well. It provides its rich and exciting rewards.

To the music of hymns floating out on the nippy night air from a wooden church in New Hampshire or a Te Deum sung in a cathedral by a bishop; with the aid of sentences spoken suddenly in Serbian, Danish, Greek, or German; with actual quotes from Shirer, Lord Haw-Haw, or Haile Selassie; with snatches from such a beguiling folk song as Bob Miller's "Round and Round Hitler's Grave,"

Photographing a ROCKET at 800 miles an hour



Succession pictures taken by a "ribbon frame" camera, showing a wing rocket getting under way and speeding toward the enemy at about 13 miles a minute.

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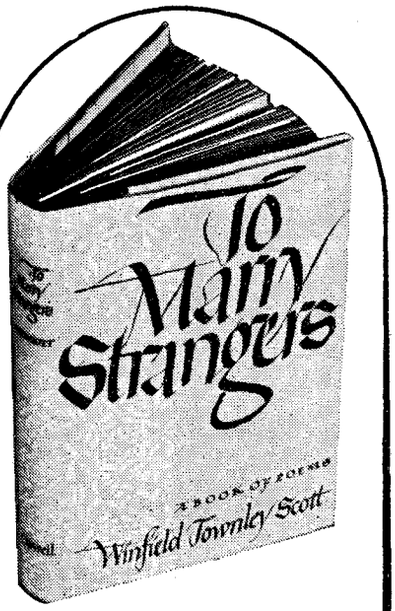

HORACE GREGORY says:

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WINFIELD TOWNLEY SCOTT

has accomplished more than any poet of his immediate generation in America, and today one cannot name an American poet under 40 who with more courage and more fortunate results has written a better book than TO MARRY STRANGERS.... His present book disarms the reader with its decided lack of 'artiness'—as well as the marks of fashionable cliches, a great lack, indeed, of current 'influences'. *Innumerable Death* is one of the best contemporary poems in which the war finds proper relevance to what the poet has to say." $2.00

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The Sword on the Table

Thomas Y. Crowell Company

"On a Note of Triumph" manages to tell its story and fight its good fight in terms both global and individual.

Mr. Corwin's mind, his style, and his conscience all have muscles. It is hard to describe the power of his images, the variety of his rhythms, the driving conciseness of his phrases, and his happy mixture of the colloquial and the eloquent. Perhaps I can best suggest the virtues which "On a Note of Triumph" possesses, both as writing and as radio, and more particularly as writing for the radio, by letting Mr. Corwin speak for himself.

These are his introductory lines. My one regret is that there is not space in which to quote the whole script.

So they've given up.
They're finally done in, and the rat is dead in an alley back of the Wilhelmstrasse.
Take a bow, G.I.,
Take a bow, little guy.
The superman of tomorrow lies at the feet of you common men of this afternoon.
This is It, kid, this is The Day, all the way from Newburyport to Vladivostok.
You had what it took and you gave it, and each of you has a hunk of rainbow 'round your helmet.
Seems like free men have done it again.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

A. R. C. in World War II

AT HIS SIDE. By George Korson. New York: Coward, McCann. 1945. 308 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

THIS is the factual, documented story of the overseas role of the American Red Cross in World War II. It is also the story of the war itself, the men who fight it, and the men and women of the Red Cross who go with the soldiers into every theatre of the war. In preparing his book, Mr. Korson, himself a member of the Red Cross National Headquarters Staff, had access to the official archives, the files of reports from overseas workers, and his material was checked for accuracy by the organization heads in Washington and overseas. In addition, he interviewed hundreds of returned Red Cross personnel, and has used their verbatim accounts of action in the myriad theatres of the global war.

Like a documentary film, the story moves across the world, focusing on every fighting front and remote outpost from the South Seas to Greenland. It picks up in vivid detail the Red Cross recreation centers in the jungles of Burma, in the deserts of North Africa, in China, on Guadalcanal, in the bleak, fog-wrapped Aleutians. You see these brave little clubs with their makeshift Christmas decorations, their often sadly inadequate equipment, you smell the coffee and the doughnuts, you hear the battered pianos thumping out American jazz, you hear the shuffling of G. I. boots still caked with foxhole mud, and you hear a boy saying, "Gee—I haven't talked with an American girl for two years!"

The camera focuses on hospital wards; on emergency field stations set up within hailing distance of the enemy lines; on a procession of dusty trucks lumbering out to serve ice cream to the victorious American Ninth Artillery division, just back from Bizerte; on the battered little ship *S.S. Mactan,* loaded with wounded, plowing away from Manila three days before the Japs occupied the city; on a draggled little group of Red Cross workers struggling to bring up supplies of blood plasma, surgical dressings, and cigarettes to the boys pushing into the jungle from Port Moresby. Some of the stories are funny, some are heartbreaking, all are dramatic and moving and true. Mr. Korson, in the manner popularized by the late Ernie Pyle, gives the names and hometown addresses of the Red Cross personnel we meet in these narratives, and a lot of people will enjoy identifying their friends or relatives or fellow townsmen. His liberal quoting from letters written home, and from stories written by the Red Cross personnel themselves, gives great vividness and immediacy to his book. Also, by a skilful sketching in of the background of military action against which the Red Cross functioned, he gives the reader a condensed history of the progress of the war in all its theatres of action.

"At His Side" does not sentimentalize nor glamorize the Red Cross worker—it simply shows him, and her, at work. And that is enough. Mr. Korson has done an excellent job of organizing, integrating, and presenting an enormous amount of material. He has made his book a human and inspiring story, as well as an authoritative and valuable history of the world-wide overseas activity of the American Red Cross in World War II.

Correction

In *SRL,* May 12, the annotative listing for "Peephole of the Present," by Samuel Roth, incorrectly stated that the Philosophical Library was the publisher. The correct listing should have been for the Philosophical Book Club. We apologize to the Philosophical Library for the error.

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Abraham Lincoln's Foreign Policy

DIPLOMAT IN CARPET SLIPPERS. Abraham Lincoln Deals with Foreign Affairs. By Jay Monaghan. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1945. 505 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

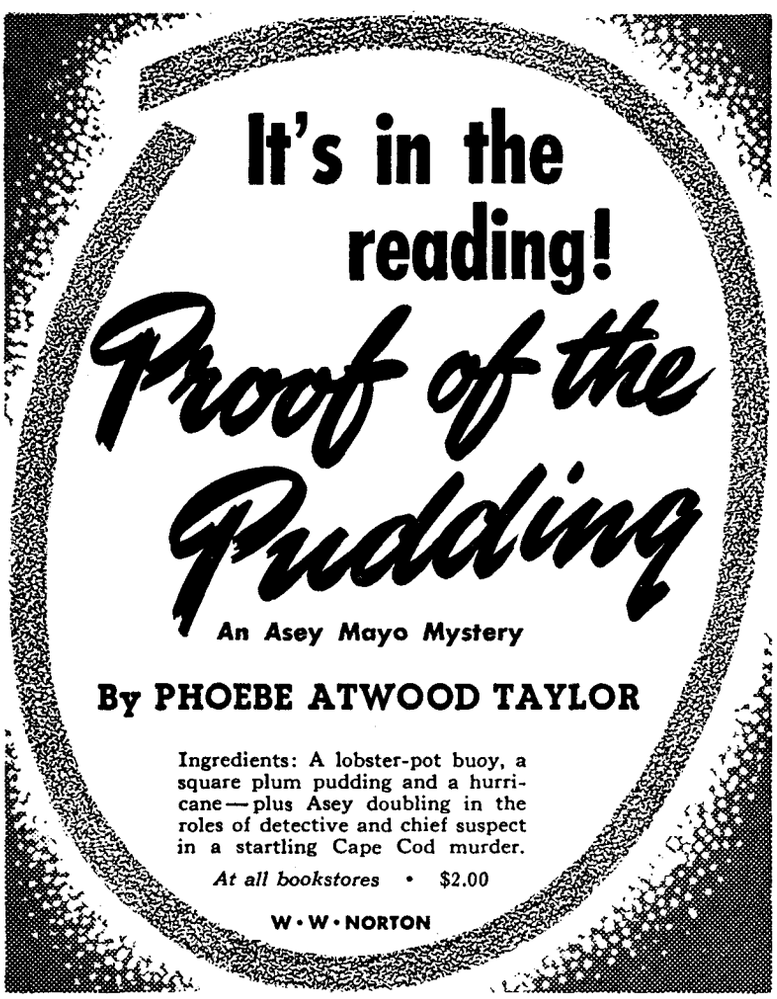
MANY books have been written on the diplomacy of the Civil War, but this is the first time that a volume has been devoted explicitly to Abraham Lincoln's part in that diplomacy. To treat the subject from the new point of view involves a pronounced shift of emphasis. The State Department falls into the background; the White House moves into the foreground. Historians have always had difficulty in determining just how much the British foreign policy of the period was the creation of Palmerston as Prime Minister, and how much was that of Lord John Russell as Foreign Minister; but they have not commonly felt much perplexity in dividing credit for American policy between Lincoln and Seward. It has been assumed that, while Lincoln often advised and sometimes revised Seward, his main attention was given to his overwhelming domestic problems, and he left external affairs chiefly to the Secretary of State. Seward was certainly no cipher, and certainly not ill-equipped for his post. As governor, senator, and political leader of renown, he had been more prominent until 1860 than Lincoln; while he had travelled abroad, corresponded with Europeans, and served on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

Mr. Monaghan, who has steeped himself in Lincolniana, has written a book

which deserves the much abused adjective "brilliant." It is brilliant in style, brilliant in narrative sparkle, and above all brilliant in its easy mastery of an immense body of factual data. The author has descriptive skill and epigrammatic verve. In half a dozen lines he can draw a vivid scene. The personages of his crowded story are all real to him, and he makes them real to the reader: the great men like Palmerston, John Bright, Napoleon, Chase, and Sumner, the striking minor figures like Thurlow Weed, Carl Schurz, "Bull Run" Russell, John Slidell, and Archbishop Hughes, the grotesques like Count Gurowski and George Francis Train. He is able to tell a story with an expertness which makes us feel we know the inside facts, and with a steady heightening of tension; the story of Mason and Slidell, of Maximilian and Mexico, of Charles Francis Adams and the Laird rams. But what is most important of all, he seizes the larger values of his theme. It is a tale not of diplomatic minutiae and the fencing of *haute politique;* a tale not primarily of skilful effort to save the North from fighting two wars at once, important as that was; but the tale of a great democracy so presenting its cause to the world that the tides of democratic opinion in Britain, in France, and in other nations answered irresistibly to the appeal.

Having these merits, Mr. Monaghan's book has also certain faults. A brilliant *tour de force* like this is likely to be unreliable at points, and the author often leaves a judicious reader dubious. He has a trick of identifying men with reiterated phrases—"the rat-eyed Montgomery Blair," for example—which are more graphic than just. Writing always with snap and gusto, he sometimes jerks out an exaggeration that is positively incorrect; for instance, his mention of "the reactionary Taney decision that extended slavery throughout the Union." Speaking of 1864, he remarks that "Henry Ward Beecher turned against the President"; but Beecher had been fiercely critical of Lincoln since 1861. Highly complicated situations, such as that which led to Seward's preposterous (and yet, if all his antecedent ideas are reviewed, quite natural) proposal of April 1, 1861, for provoking a foreign war to reunite the nation, are not made clear in Mr. Monaghan's impetuous narrative. His repeated assertion that the British upper and upper-middle classes were fearful of American "communism" is certain nowadays to give a mistaken impression; and it was not "communism" even in the sense of 1848 of which the British aristocracy was apprehensive. Indicating clearly the reasons why the United States succeeded in its foreign policy, he does not show why the Confederacy failed.

The chief doubts provoked by the book, however, arise from its magnification of Lincoln's role in the conduct of foreign policy, and its accompanying denigration of Seward. Nearly every successful act is credited to the President. He picked the agents sent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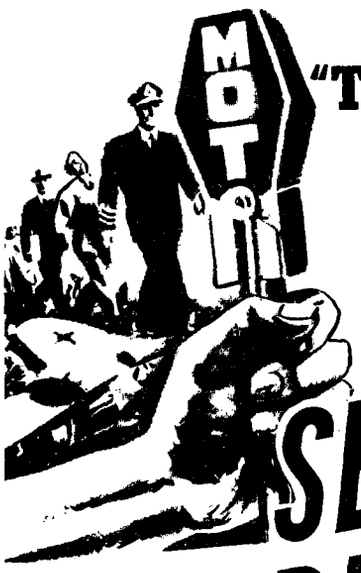
to Europe. He determined the contents of dispatches. He explored the situation in London and Paris, and made the critical decisions. He even chose the propagandists used abroad. The treatment seems to make Seward, on the other hand, responsible for most of the blunders. As everybody knows, at least two crucial steps taken by Lincoln were of the greatest value in foreign affairs. His tactful modification of Seward's early dispatch (the famous "No. 10"), threatening Britain with war if she should recognize the Confederacy, was as important to peace as was Prince Albert's subsequent tactful modification of the British Cabinet's note on the Mason and Slidell seizure. In this instance Lincoln showed himself far wiser than Seward. Later in the conflict, Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation was of incalculable weight in helping swing liberal sentiment in Britain and France to the Northern side. It proved that emancipation was one of the two prime objects of the war; that human freedom counted heavily. But it is possible to credit Seward, too, with very strong positive achievements. After some initial errors, he took just the right line with Palmerston and Napoleon; he backed Adams in London adroitly; and several of his dispatches were really great diplomatic state papers.

In short, Mr. Monaghan has a way of saying that Lincoln did this, or Lincoln decided that, when unquestionably in an immense mass of diplomatic business, Seward's was the guiding hand, and in much more, policy was made by Lincoln and Seward jointly, or by the President and Cabinet. Lincoln's greatness is of such a kind that we do not have to depreciate his Cabinet officers in order to enhance it. At one point the author speaks of Seward in equivocal terms. He "had blustered when blustering was advantageous. He fawned when fawning seemed the best policy. He had never been consistent in anything except an effort to keep England and France separated." This points to the truth; and put in more complimentary phraseology, with ampler illustrations, the judgment would really do Seward justice.

But if the volume fails to give the State Department—and we may add Charles Francis Adams and John Bigelow, posted respectively in London and Paris—quite their due credit, discount may readily be made on that score. The positive merits of the book remain. It furnishes a delightfully deft, clear, and engrossing account of our foreign relations in these four momentous years, and an intimate and human picture of the motley crew concerned in their conduct. Drawing on many printed sources and some unprinted documents, and showing



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marked skill in coördinating the results of wide research, it illuminates the ordinarily drab record of diplomacy with a thousand human touches. Mr. Monaghan, writing in Springfield, understands Lincoln, and his four hundred pages disengage a portrait of the man which commands esteem and affection alike. His method is not unlike Carl Sandburg's. A wealth of incident, anecdote, and concrete details go into the creation of scenes and personalities, so that when great events take place the reader may feel in general that he understands them. Now and then careful students will detect a false touch. Why, for example, does Mr. Monaghan say that, when Robert J. Walker was removed from his governorship of Kansas, he "cursed the overbearing Free State men who had insisted on ruling the territory"? Walker instead cursed the slavery men who had insisted on driving through their nefarious Lecompton Constitution; he stood up valiantly for the Free State men. But the book reaches a high level of accuracy.

It catches, too, as we have indicated, the true significance of the diplomatic chapter in our Civil War history. The United States was the great exemplar, in 1860, of democracy and liberalism. If it went under, democracy throughout the world would be struck a staggering blow. Lincoln understood this perfectly, and stated the truth in his Gettysburg speech in immortal phrases. He, Seward, and their associates succeeded, in the course of the four bloody years, in persuading the plain people of the world—most importantly of all, the plain people of Britain and France—that the Northern cause was the great cause of freedom. Once they had done this, they had won a diplomatic victory of the greatest magnitude, the results of which were to be felt long decades after the last shots were fired at Appomattox. Indeed, with Americans, Britons, and Frenchmen now fighting side by side, they are felt and manifested in the most unmistakable fashion today.

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Popular Science

SCIENCE YEARBOOK OF 1945. Edited by John D. Ratcliff. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1945. 224 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

RATCLIFF'S fourth Science Yearbook is much like its predecessors. The popular magazines have been ransacked for good articles on various phases of current science, and these are classified according to subject as in the past. The fields covered are physics, medicine, chemistry, aviation, and "other sciences" (petroleum and comets that struck the earth). Ratcliff fills gaps with an introduction of his own. But his hands have been tied because of the policies of magazine editors, who profess to know what the public wants, so that the whole of science has by no means been covered.

Some of the material is old and some is handled much too superficially. That "miracle drug," penicillin, is dressed up again, though nothing new can be said about it. Lois Mattox Miller discusses the fractions separated from blood by Professor Edwin J. Cohn of Harvard, with remarkable results in transfusion, in the treatment of measles and in "typing" blood. Transplantation of corneas, the skin as an armor against disease, the diseases of childhood, the psychiatric problem presented by our soldiers are handled with fair effectiveness by others. DDT comes in for considerable attention. Dr. Hickman's work in distilling vitamins from fish-liver and vegetable oils is handled in an excellent article reprinted from *Fortune;* —a piece which shows that one magazine, at least, knows that science is not just a dose of castor oil that must be sweetened with sticky literary syrup. Various phases of aviation, including rocket ships, are written about by half a dozen authors. But why Herbert Ravenal Sass's article from *The Saturday Evening Post* ("When the Comet Struck") was republished it is hard to see, considering that the leading geologists take no stock in the theory that the southeastern coastal plains were once struck a slanting blow by a comet.

On the whole this volume shows up the limitations of the bulk-circulation magazines so far as popular science is concerned. Not yet do the magazine editors realize that hundreds of thousands in this country graduate every year from high schools and colleges after having been immersed for three or four years in chemistry, physics, and biology. Ratcliff's book is worth reading as a good journalistic summary of recent achievements in science.

The new

Patricia Wentworth

mystery

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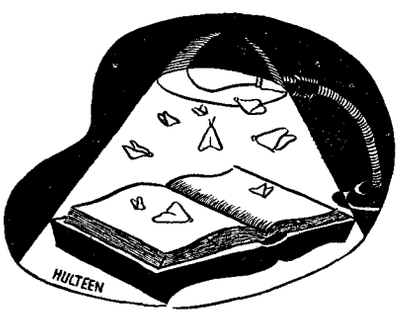
Charleston Feud

PRIDE'S WAY. By Robert Molloy. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1945. 312 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

ROBERT MOLLOY is the well-known Book Review Editor of *The New York Sun.* As such, with vigor and acumen he has criticized other people's books. Now he emerges as a first-rate novelist in his own right, putting into practice his excellent understanding of what makes a good story. "Pride's Way" is the tender, humorous, deftly satirical story of two elderly and highly eccentric Charleston ladies, Miss Julie Sharp and Miss Tessie Fisher, sisters. Officially, these ladies were respectively Mrs. Andrew Sharp and Mrs. Willie Fisher, but the South has a convention older than the Lucy Stone League, and only to strangers would they have been known as Mrs. Sharp or Mrs. Fisher. To everyone else they were Miss Julie and Miss Tessie.

In 1910 Miss Julie was seventy, and her sister two years younger. They were, like so many old ladies with minds of their own, just a bit peculiar. Since their girlhood they had quar-



relled unceasingly. They had done battle over fancied slights, and memories, and over commissions and omissions. Every now and then they were reconciled, but they couldn't stand it for long, and people were accustomed to seeing Miss Julie and Miss Tessie, devout if inconsistent, stalk out of church without speaking to each other. Their most violent misunderstanding took place in 1900, when old Miss Georgie Peters had mentioned Miss Tessie's husband and his career in the war. Miss Julie, who could never resist a joke, was prompted to say "Willie Fisher? Why Willie was so nearsighted that the Yankees came right up and took the sword out of his hand." She never knew who repeated that to Tessie, but they hadn't spoken again until Pa died in 1903. An armistice of eighteen months ensued, until Lucien died. Lucien, their elder brother, left a daguerrotype which Miss Tessie

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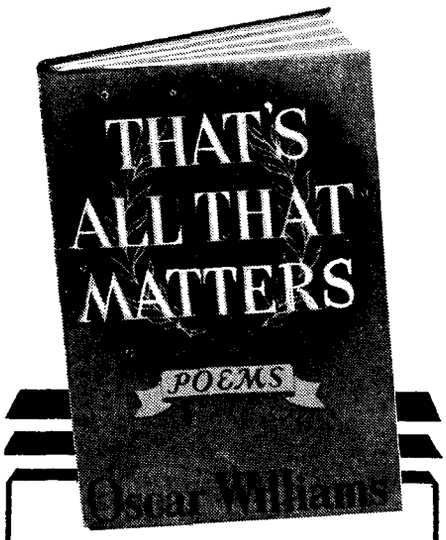

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claimed but Miss Julie took possession of. Since then hostilities had been unabated.

Now, at seventy, Miss Julie thought it was time the feud was ended. She left the comfortable home of her long-suffering, kindly son-in-law, Henry O'Donnell (an upstart social climber with no background, according to Miss Tessie, who, it was commented, would have said to St. Peter "We had our carriage when you were pulling up fish out of the Sea of Galilee!"), and went to live with Miss Tessie in the small lodgings which their pooled resources were able to maintain. Once having made up her mind, pride would not let Miss Julie admit the enormity of her mistake. She was a simple, good-hearted old soul, fond of good food (she had periodical spells of fearful indigestion from overstuffing with chicken and okra gumbo, marinated beef, shrimp, and fruit cake), fond of her grandchildren and her collection of tinfoil. Miss Tessie was a rigid perfectionist who insisted on bringing her own coffeepot whenever she went out to dinner. The experiment of living together was a distinct failure, but neither of the old ladies would give in. Miss Tessie, however, began to have delusions of sainthood, though a more spiteful, arrogant old termagant never existed, and when things came to such a pass that she saw visions and insisted upon standing on street corners so that passing Charlestonians could be blessed by the revelation of a saint in their midst, something had to be done.

How Miss Julie saved her pride and got out of her bad bargain, how Henry O'Donnell saved the family pride when Miss Tessie's behavior made even people accustomed to the vagaries of elderly members of local families shake their heads, how the O'Donnell household adjusted itself to the situation, makes the plot of Mr. Molloy's poignant, engaging, very funny, and very appealing book. Charlestonian customs and Southern tradition are expertly and wittily satirized, but with such kindliness and understanding and lack of malice that Mr. Molloy needn't be afraid to go home again. "Pride's Way" is rich with color and atmosphere, as full of charm as Charleston itself.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

UNIVERSITY STUDENTS

University students are the subjects of this week's quiz, suggested by Miss Viola C. White, of Middlebury, Vermont. Allowing 5 points for each one you can name, and another 5 for the story in which he appears, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 35.

1. Because he needed money to continue his career as a student, this starving young man killed an old woman pawnbroker with an ax, justifying the deed on the theory that her life was worthless and his must be preserved because he was a genius.

2. The climax of his career at Yale came when he was tapped for Skull and Bones.

3. After a spectacular prep school training, this young man attended St. Ambrose College, Oxford, and went in for rowing.

4. At the state university of Catawba, this student had difficulty at first in adjusting himself to life but succeeded in becoming editor of the literary magazine.

5. Crying the name of the beautiful woman who had jilted the entire student body at Oxford, he was the first to jump into the Thames and drown himself.

6. While studying chemistry and physiology at the University of Ingolstadt, this student discovered the cause of generation and life, and proceeded to give a practical demonstration by animating a creature he had assembled from dissecting rooms and slaughter houses.

7. A letter found in an Oxford bookshop gave this undergraduate the characters for the opening chapter of a serial story he was to write for a literary club.

8. In moments not spent in solving murders, this Harvard student delights in using the positive forms of negative words, such as "couth" and "nuccuous."

9. He was the greatest and also the dumbest fullback that ever played for good old Siwash.

10. Being a member of the OUDS, it was a cinch for him to impersonate a friend's Brazilian aunt in order to chaperone a tea party.

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The Story of Beatrice Telford

PUT OFF THY SHOES. By E. L. Voynich. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1945. 456 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

MRS. VOYNICH, an Englishwoman who wrote a best-seller called "The Gadfly" in 1897 and later made a name for herself not only as a novelist and translator but also as a composer and musicologist, has obviously lost none of her narrative skill. The present novel, concerned with the Warwickshire ancestors of the Gadfly and laid in the years following 1763, can be recommended as a story both to readers who have never heard of the earlier tale and to those who place all historical novels on their private *index expurgatorius*. "Put Off Thy Shoes," though it deals incidentally with the youth of the Gadfly's grandmother and grandfather, is primarily the story of Beatrice Telford, his great-grandmother. Beatrice, to be sure, lives in a day when travel is by coach, when Frenchmen and revolutionists are the King's enemies, but she belongs to no special era, for her experiences are those of all time and the author has suggested her temporal background with little emphasis on its archaisms.

The novel is a long one, written in the leisurely Victorian manner, and a concluding note connects its story with that of "The Gadfly." A great deal happens in it, the elements of suspense and surprise are deftly managed, and at the end one knows intimately a large number of vivid, well-integrated characters. We follow Beatrice from the time when her stepfather tries to rape her and she mistakenly regards her mother as his accomplice through the years of cynicism and disillusionment left in the wake of that experience. Like "an obedient icicle" she submits to marriage and maternity, concealing her revulsion and hypocritically playing the role of perfect wife and mother as best she can. Disasters overtake her: her disreputable mother commits suicide, her favorite child is killed, Walter, the brother to whom she is devoted, marries an impossible woman. Yet on the surface she supports her lot with wisdom and gallantry, and only a few people realize her inner bitterness and contempt for the whole human race.

Not until she leaves Barton, her comfortable home in Warwickshire, and goes to Cornwall to recuperate from an injury obtained while trying to save her son does she find new and deeper meanings in her life. There Beatrice Telford, the squire's lady, meets Cornish fisherfolk who resent every act of "the damned gentry," and there she learns of the misery of the very poor. When one of the surliest haters of her kind nevertheless rescues her two remaining boys from drowning at the greatest personal risk, she begins to realize hitherto unsuspected virtues in her fellows. She exerts every means in her power to reward the man and eventually adopts his son. The introduction of this queer lad into the household produces many complications, but as Beatrice lies dying she has the satisfaction of knowing that her daughter and the adopted "fisherman's brat" will stand on the holy ground of a human love from which she herself has always been excluded.

To those accustomed to the compressed, non-representational art of today this long novel with its domestic detail and highly colored incidents may on occasion seem slightly reminiscent of the massive oil-paintings of the time of the Landseers. Yet the entertaining plot, the study of Beatrice's growth as a person, of her relations with her family and friends, and of her husband's gradual deterioration, the careful portraits of Walter, his wretched wife, and of the Cornish fisherfolk with their harshness and implacable pride, all these provide a narrative certain to hold the attention of many a reader. Indeed there are enough variegated characters and tense situations in the book to attract the notice of the cinema, and Greer Garson is hereby nominated by this reviewer for the part of Beatrice Telford.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 582)

K. GREENAWAY

MARIGOLD GARDEN

[*Child's Song*]

The King and the Queen were riding
Upon a summer's day,
. . . A blackbird flew above them
To hear what they did say.

The King said he liked apples;
The Queen said she liked pears.
. . . What shall we do to the blackbird
Who listens unawares?

from the Book-of-the-Month Club News

HARPER & BROTHERS

Son and Stranger

By JOAN CHARLES

JOAN CHARLES

AN engrossing novel about one of those women of great charm and feminine softness, who clamp their velvety claws on their victim and squeeze out all the manhood. In this case it is not a vampire, but a mother. The scene is deceptively normal—a town bathed in sunshine, hedges and gardens an amazing green; beautiful old homes; boys and girls in high school; a mother and son living in warm companionship. Tragedy is cunningly concealed, for a long time even from the participants. But there are little things: when the English teacher encourages the boy to write, the mother sows an evil seed of sex. When a schoolgirl gets "in trouble" with the boy, the mother saves him and throws the girl to the dogs of small-town scorn, who gnaw her, literally, to death. Experience after experience builds up her power and his thralldom, until during college when the two are inevitably separated, the boy falls in love and marries. It is mother versus wife that brings the tragedy out into the open. The novel is written with intensity. As the author has already proven by her earlier novel, *The Dark Glass*, she understands abnormality. She uncovers the wounds on the subconscious without confusion, and directs with wholesome, even beat the varying rhythms of this well-planned, beautifully told story. (Price, $2.50) BERNARDINE KIELTY

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Slow, Small-Town Ireland

THE HOUSE IN CLEWE STREET. By Mary Lavin. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1945. 530 pp. $3.

Reviewed by
KATHARINE SCHERMAN ROSIN

AT first Mary Lavin's leisurely, innocent-sounding novel about small-town Ireland may irritate you with its slowness and its seeming ingenuousness. But after a while you will discover that the quietness is the author's art, and the innocence is the mask of a sharp and subtle wit. You will find yourself absorbed, until the world around you seems far less real than the tall granite Victorian house in Clewe Street where Gabriel Galloway spent the slow infinity of his childhood. The little boy was brought up by the three Coniffe sisters, his pale, self-effacing mother, one sweet, gentle aunt and another stern, righteous, humorless aunt, in a convent atmosphere of religious morality and innocence of the outside world. Gabriel was dutiful, biddable, and gentle. The excitements of childhood consisted of such events as a mad, galloping race between two funeral trains to see which one would get to the cemetery first, and Gabriel's first deliberate cutting of Sunday Mass. On this occasion he and the town's bad boy bought oranges with their collection pennies and sat down to eat them in the graveyard. The oranges were blood oranges, and the little boys' first sight of the red juice brought to them the horrible, guilty thought that it was God's blood. Gabriel was not much less innocent than this when he finally asserted his spirit against his strait-laced aunts by running away with a pretty hussy of a servant girl. In Dublin he and Onny Soraghan found themselves in a group of Bohemian, free-thinking artists. His careful, religious up-bringing left him entirely unfit to cope with Onny's selfish immorality and the snide self-assurance of his new friends. Onny's tragic ending finally awakened Gabriel to a belated realization of the outside world and his place in it.

The long, slow story is built up with an infinity of wonderful detail, and with a sly, quiet Irish wit which leaves you wondering whether its moralistic tone is to be taken entirely seriously. It has something of the prim humor of Jane Austen, which does not undermine the worthy pillars of society, but underlines their essential humanity by making them seem a little funny. In spite of her gentle satire on the church-bound world of the nun-like Coniffe sisters, Mary Lavin makes you feel that their innocence and religious morality are actually more important than success, excitement, and worldliness. Also, there is a satisfying quality about a long, leisurely novel full of thoroughly unimportant details of daily life. The Victorians knew how to write them that way. You don't very often find them nowaday. When slowness is combined with fine, delicate, and witty writing, the result is a satisfaction in the reader's mind that he seldom experiences at the end of a modern novel.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MURDER ON ANGLERS ISLAND *Helen Reilley* (Random House: $2.)	Army post on island off New England scene of two related murders both deftly solved by McKee of Center St.	McKee's analysis of first murder method exceptionally clever. Plenty of action, emoting, and good characters. Solution quite surprising.	Standard brand
PEARLS BEFORE SWINE *Margery Allingham* (Crime Club: $2.)	Murdered woman dumped in Peter Campion's London flat starts that clever gentleman on long, stern chase.	Rather overburdened with plot—enough for three stories—but welcome return of too-long-absent English amateur.	Good hunting
77 WILLOW ROAD *Helen Douglas Irvine* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.)	Chance conversation with disreputable London derelict (female) leads young girl to Cambridge house where devilish things happened.	Penetrating study of jealousy and family hatred with completely unsuspected revelation at end. No actual detecting, but much mystery and drama.	Very good—in its class
THE CASE OF THE GOLD-DIGGER'S PURSE *Erle Stanley Gardner* (Morrow: $2.)	Cal. fish-fancier slain. Pretty girl is Suspect No. 1, but Perry Mason knows different, and clears her good name.	Paced a little slower than recent Mason mysteries. Double-barrelled plot worked out with to-be-expected care and cleverness.	Mason fans will like it.

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A Music Critic's Here and Now

THE MUSICAL SCENE. By Virgil Thomson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1945. 301 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by MINNA LEDERMAN

A READER turning to Virgil Thomson's column in the *New York Herald Tribune* will feel at once he is really present at something going on. This is Here and Now. At last he has the sensation of immediacy that a newspaper wants to give but that seems always to be leaking away between who - what - when - and - how. Thomson observes all the routine amenities too, but he hangs on to the living experience, so that you get a portrait of the previous night's concert or opera, steaming fresh and often more tonic than coffee at breakfast.

The hundred or more such reviews that are served together in book form as "The Musical Scene" make a different effect. Taking them at one gulp allows little time to enjoy their individual bouquets, it is more like swallowing concentrated essences. Nevertheless, the experience is impressive.

Thomson's publishers refer us to Shaw's "Music in London" which is obvious but misleading. Thomson is a brilliant reporter and a distinguished man of letters. But he belongs clearly in the line of the great French composer-critics. His wit is penetrating, aphoristic, never discursive. For range he suggests Berlioz, for intensity, though in a less ferocious degree, Debussy.

He is engagingly American, too, in his candor and common sense and his genius for improvising. American music has no critical tradition, no intellectual milieu. Thomson grandly ignores the surrounding void. He makes up all that he needs. He sets out a platform, complete with rules and standards, he meticulously separates "taste" from "judgment," he submits findings not just to everyone but to a hypothetical jury of experts. "Correct me if I'm wrong," he cries, well aware that his scintillating little homilies, no matter how neatly schematized, will fall on the hinterland with the wow-effect (one of his own preferred terms) of profound, original ideas never before even remotely apprehended.

A crude way to measure critical thrust—but a sure one—is to note the size of objects drawing persistent attack. Thomson's victims are always right out of the top drawer. By 1941 the New York Philharmonic had grown punch-drunk, as the Metropolitan should have been by last season. Even the revered Boston Symphony, he now notes, has passed "the point of optimum precision." Heifetz inspired the famous line, "silk-underwear music." That most sacred of all American idols, Toscanini, is "in any European sense not a complete musician." Thomson's "fifty pieces" of our restricted orchestral repertory have become as nefariously celebrated as Ferdinand Lundberg's Sixty Families, while the Appreciation Racket, a concept first projected in 1939, in his "State of Music," is now part of the common every-day vocabulary of American musical thinking.

About what he loves and what he believes to be good he is eloquence itself. French music always inspires him. A deeply moving tribute is his apostrophe to Erik Satie, the man whose name everyone knows, whose work is never heard, the guiding influence of Thomson's own musical life. And almost every other week, out of sheer exuberance, he tosses off a "charm number" like Paris Forever, which lured tone-deaf people out to hear Offenbach, or the one on "Bohème"—"Is anything in the world more poignant than youth, love and tuberculosis?" or on Mélisande "the lonely girl with the floating libido," set down in a "family of correct well-to-do French people," or the God Bless Ireland piece on John Charles Thomas, who turns out to be Welsh after all but it doesn't much matter.

If anything, this book is too closely studded with gems, too tightly packed with wisdom. The next collection should be a little thinned out and also expanded. But it is a fine thing that Thomson is still actively a "working newspaperman." For true splendor the décor of our musical scene demands his regular appearance.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Raskolnikov, in "Crime and Punishment," by Dostoievsky. 2. Dink Stover, in "Stover at Yale," by Owen Johnson. 3. "Tom Brown at Oxford," by Thomas Hughes. 4. Eugene Gant, in "Look Homeward, Angel," by Thomas Wolfe. 5. The Duke of Dorset, in "Zuleika Dobson," by Max Beerbohm. 6. Victor Frankenstein, in "Frankenstein," by Mary Shelley. 7. Kenneth Forbes, in "Kathleen," by Christopher Morley. 8. Jupiter Jones, in "Harvard Has a Homicide," by Timothy Fuller. 9. Ole Skjarsen, in "At Good Old Siwash," by George Fitch. 10. Lord Fancourt Babberly, in "Charley's Aunt," by Brandon Thomas.

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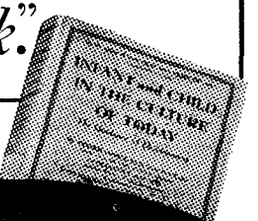

SAYS THE N. Y. TIMES OF

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DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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the Phoenix Nest

REICHSCHANCELLERY, MAY 1945

OUR gangsters shoot it out. The social foe
Dies in a blaze of gunfire. Here the rain
Drips on dark bodies sprawled in the court below
That fell self-slain.

They could not meet the challenge face to face
Of their quick doom, though soldiers fought and died.
These were the Chosen of the Master Race
And this their pride.

They filled all Europe with the stench of death,
Hecatombs of cadavers for a sign,
Who hoped to cheat by quittance of mere breath
Judgment condign.

For panic seized them, all their fury chilled
To trembling; and the vial or the gun
Touched neither heart nor mind, but merely stilled
Manhood undone.

Even drear rain seems merciful to these
Who raged beneath a diabolic spell
And summoned on earth their own Eumenides
From their own Hell.

* * *

Alice K. Gregory, whose letter I printed about General Charles King, says about Mrs. Custer, that King himself compared her point of view with that of Mrs. Lydia Spencer Lane who wrote "Old Days in the Old Army."

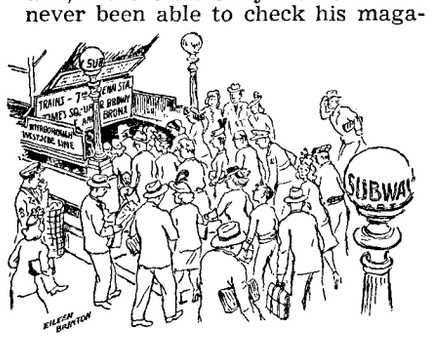
He felt that Mrs. Custer's viewpoint was conditioned by her position as wife of the regimental commanding officer, and that she was therefore removed from the petty jealousies and financial difficulties of the woman who joined the Army as wife of a second lieutenant "with one room and a kitchen for quarters and one hundred dollars a month for all pay." I hope you can get hold of a copy of Captain King's masterpiece, "Campaigning with Crook," which I am sure you would enjoy. Incidentally, we have in our own library sixty of King's sixty-five books, fiction and non-fiction.

* * *

Don Russell of *The Chicago Daily News* writes me:

I have just been reading your article on General Charles King appearing under the heading The Phoenix Nest in the issue of April 7.

I knew General King quite well; in fact collaborated with him on two articles published in *The Cavalry Journal* many years ago. After his death in 1933 I spent some time collecting material about him from members of his family, his secretary, and other associates, and wrote a biography of him. For reasons rather well expressed in your article, I failed to interest a publisher. However, there is something more to him than you expressed. Two or three of his factual books, such as "Campaigning with Crook," are quite as well worth reading as Mrs. Custer—in fact the first edition of that work rates rather high as Americana and has commanded prices up to $120 or thereabout. Actually his novels were founded on personal experience, so much so that he worked to death two or three plots so obtained. Yet there is much in them reflecting the life of the period. I have what I believe to be a complete bibliography of book publication, more than sixty titles. I have never been able to check his magazine contributions with any degree of comprehensiveness. I have no desire to write Miss Gregory's thesis for her, but would be willing to answer reasonable questions.



* * *

A neat and beautiful folder from my friend, Boris Artzybasheff, of 524 East 89 Street, New York 28, has for its cover his special rainbow design in color for a flag for the United Nations. Inside the folder he explains about it. The design "brings together colors found in the flag of every one of the United Nations. Its rainbow symbolizes the advent of a better day, free from the devastation of world war." The back page "breaks down" the rainbow into its component colors and shows in which flags they are found. The folder is printed in English, French, and Spanish. The quotation from Genesis 9 is pertinent:

> And God said: This is the token of the covenant which I make between me and you, and every living creature that is with you, for perpetual generations. I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth. And it shall come to pass when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud; and I will remember my covenant, which is between me and you, and every living creature of all flesh; and the waters shall no more become a flood to destroy all flesh.

I wish Boris's banner were flying right now over the halls of debate in San Francisco! His flag is a fine idea, and I hope it may be adopted. His design is offered without reservation.

* * *

A young Negro poet of promise who has been called to my attention by J. A. Hulbert, the Librarian of the Johnston Memorial Library of the Virginia State College for Negroes, is Bruce McM. Wright, whose poems "From the Shaken Tower" have been published in Cardiff, Wales, where the poet was stationed last Christmas. Mr. Wright indulges in fandangoes with language, but such poems as "Now Pale Horse," "Heldenleben," "Madam, you are astonished," are worth reading. Here are the poet's lines:

ON FIRST SEEING ENGLAND

In upward swoop the
Seagulls blossom,
Feathered flowers from the bay
Appearing sacred seraphim
To briefly earth-free laity
Upon the placid firth.

Strange geography of dawn;
Of salty sea and land;
Of bulking mists and tinted heights
All fresco on a vernal sky of
Morning infancy. . . .

And in the air that's all a-cry,
Strange needs are quietly singing.

* * *

In a catalogue recently I saw the following:

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Assistant Visiting Psychiatrist

Johns Hopkins Hospital

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MORLEY. Autograph poem signed. 1p. 4to.

Oh when will the Movies be decent
And conform to the taste of Sainte Beuve?
When the Zukor is weary of lucre
And the Laemmle lies down with the Loew.

Nice pitching, Christopher!

* * *

I am glad to print the following fine sonnet (though technically imperfect) from Christie Lund Coles of Salt Lake City, Utah, because of what it says:

SOMETHING IS LOST

Something or every boy is lost in war
As surely as the boy who dies is lost:
The wonder in his eyes, bright as a star,
The laughter that was quick and clean as frost;
Something of trust, reluctance to do harm;
The sense that all was right, that men were good:
Faith that the worthy were preserved from harm.
Something is lost, less tangible than blood.

Something of every boy is lost, the thread
Upon which his illusions once were strung.
Like some bright bird that flies with crippled wing
Each boy returns less gentle and less young.
What is there we can say to assuage the truth?
Nothing but lasting peace can avenge their youth.

My sister, Laura Benét, reminds me of two women writers for the young who, today, might well be remembered. She recalled a bloodcurdling tale that seemed so to her at the age of eight or nine, and looking it up at the Library—it was called "The Red Grange"—found it was by one of her nineteenth-century favorites, Mrs. Mary Louisa Stewart Molesworth, who also wrote "The Cuckoo Clock" and "The Tapestry Room." (She wrote of Red Grange long before the appearance of a certain American football star!) The Library also reminded her of the author of "Jackanapes," Juliana Horatia Ewing, by showing her the life of that author, who died at forty-four but by that time had written sixteen books. Her maiden name was Gatty and she was the daughter of the vicar of Ecclesfield, which couldn't be more comfortable. I myself remember with joy her "Lob-Lie-by-the-Fire and Other Tales," which was first published thirteen years before I was born! Her books were enormously popular in their day, and I dare say there are still readers of both ladies. Mrs. Molesworth was two years the elder and was born in Rotterdam in Holland, but was of Scottish descent on both sides. The story of the Scots in Holland is a fascinating one.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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(*Continued on next page*)

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PERSONALS

(*Continued from page 37*)

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The Crostics Club

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

STAFF SERGEANT JOHN T. LOVETT, 3rd, connected with the Judge Advocate's Office, Fort Monmouth, N. J., recently kept his promise to call after a year's pleasant exchange of letters. In spare time he makes DCs for himself for the sheer fun of advancing his knowledge, and with such an objective in view the variety of his DCs knows no end. Sergeant Lovett revealed a most amusing case of how this column can suffice as a Missing Persons' Bureau. It seems that Corporal Kelly and he became separated after training camp in '42 and neither knew the whereabouts of the other though each wished he did. Recently a letter came from Corporal Kelly in Italy. There in December he had come across a copy of the *SRL* which chanced to contain in our column a quotation from a letter of Lovett giving his present address!

Another recent caller was Gertrude Gordon of Pittsburgh journalistic fame. I think she could hold her own with Bennett Cerf in anecdotes. Her sunny eastern windows down the street across the avenue face my western one and we thought it about time that we became articulate once more, especially as I had a curiosity as to the contents of her new window box.

Mrs. Culberson Deal, San Angelo, Texas, writes that her son in the Navy somewhere in the Pacific finds the puzzles great fun and if occasionally he is in deep water (figuratively) he writes and asks for a hint from home. "It gives me a new and peculiar affection for the puzzles to know," she continues, "that somewhere in that vast stretch of the Pacific my child is still enjoying doing the things that gave us so much pleasure and companionship before the war separated us."

Mrs. Haldeman Finnie, Grosse Pointe, Mich., is another mother who keeps in touch through the DCs with her son David in France. I recall David's refreshing letter when as a Freshman at Princeton, he offered me a DC he and his Smith College sister had made together, for Mrs. Finnie writes that he became an adherent when very young.

George E. Miner, veteran DCer of Chicago, adds this coincidence to our DC annals: "You may not realize it but your DCs got me a promotion in a West Coast shipyard. I was puzzling over one of the DCs (something about Chaucer, I believe), when the foreman looked over my shoulder. I told him the system and after he wrestled with it for a couple of hours he said that he would make me a leaderman if I gave him the solution by the next morning. I produced and got the promotion. Has anyone else received such benefits, to your knowledge?" Well, I chronicled a marriage they brought about three years ago!

MAY 26, 1945

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: No. 583

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 33 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Undercoat of paint to level up inequalities of surface.

B. African wading bird, allied to storks and herons.

C. Shrine or tomb built over the grave of a holy mendicant (India).

D. Indian of a Salishan tribe of Whidbey Island, Puget Sound.

E. Intended, planned or designed (now Dial.)

F. Stone on which ancient kings of Ireland were crowned (2 wds.)

G. Russian Communist leader (1870-1924).

H. Alienated in feeling; not wholly loyal.

I. Comedy by Terence, performed 166 B. C.

J. "Peter the Fleming," sculptor in Italy (1710-1793).

K. American painter; landscapes, murals, and stained-glass work (1884-1936).

L. Sea nymph (Gr. Myth.)

M. Headdress, like a cap, with long lappets (17th and 18th centuries).

N. Emphasized form of pronoun, first person plural.

O. Rumpus (Colloq.)

P. European fresh water cyprinoid fishes, long-lived, allied to the dace and ide.

Q. The "lost" Pleiad (Gr. Myth.)

R. Seaport Hejaz, Arabia, port of Medina.

S. Chat; prattle (Colloq.)

T. The beginning.

U. Playwriter to Queen Mary (1554; "Ralph Roister Doister").

V. The woman's suffrage amendment (U. S. Const.)

W. A journey; tour; pilgrimage (Irish).

X. French revolutionist known as "the Incorruptible" (1758-1794).

Y. Avestan hero or demigod, king of mankind in the golden age (Persian Myth.)

WORDS

113 142 14 77 85 58 178 104 170 88

143 74 116 4 110 63 103 50

122 71 157 151 130 115

119 164 87 64 19 91 68 105 154

65 138 114 47 55 16

171 56 10 8 163 28 36

94 172 76 60 15

131 3 161 75 66 111 17 145 81 33 168

52 141 73 148 22 128

49 117 18 152 51 45 92 29 20 126 101 153

139 160 41 95 149

167 97 136 62 48 80

59 140 129 108 162 98

13 147 61 86 132 78 125 24 34

180 112 44 176 27 127 35 42

26 121 53 173 89 159 181

158 155 32 46 2 102

31 43 72 23 7

109 123 57 12 179 30

146 166 70 177 38 137 120 6

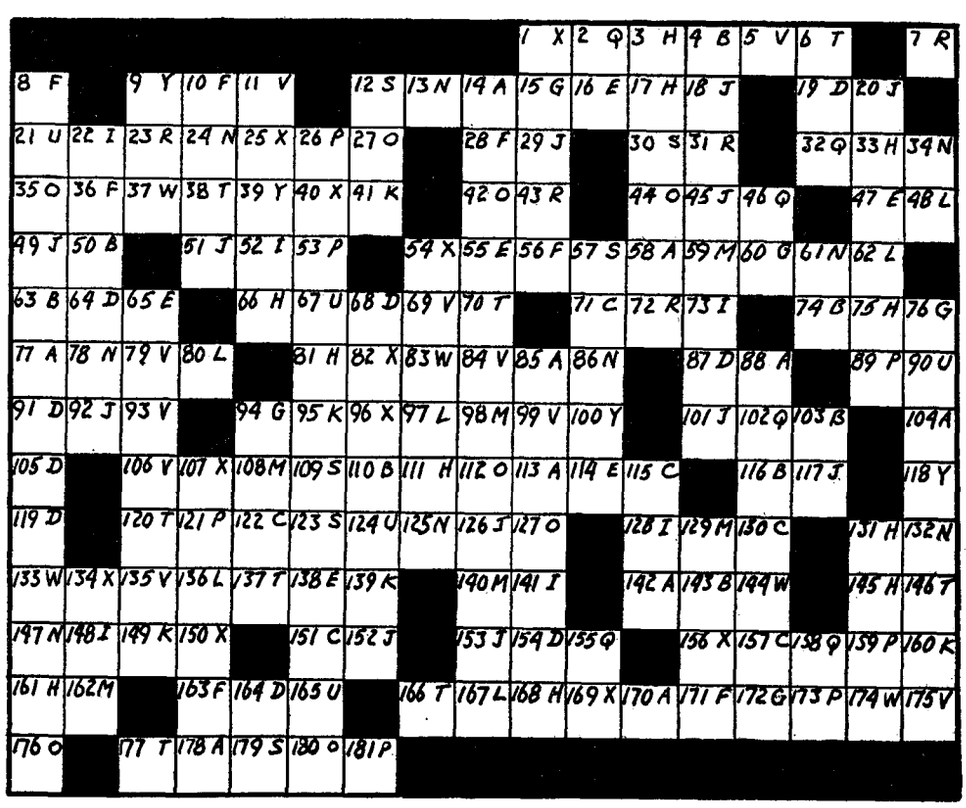
90 165 67 21 124

69 5 11 79 84 175 135 93 99 106

174 37 144 83 133

82 40 96 169 1 134 156 150 54 25 107

100 39 9 118



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So they've given up.
They're finally done in, and the rat is dead in an alley back of the Wilhelmstrasse.
Take a bow, G. I.,
Take a bow, little guy.
The superman of tomorrow lies at the feet of you common men of this afternoon.
This is It, kid, this is The Day, all the way from Newburyport to Vladivostok.
You had what it took and you gave it, and each of you has a hunk of rainbow round your helmet.
Seems like free men have done it again.

These prophetic words, written several months ago, are the opening lines of NORMAN CORWIN'S instant best-seller

ON A NOTE OF TRIUMPH

AT THIS WRITING it is only five days since copies of this book came off press. In that time the first edition of 25,000 has been sold out.* On V-E Day the radio version of ON A NOTE OF TRIUMPH was heard as a full hour's broadcast over the nation-wide CBS network. It caused more excitement than any dramatic program in the network's history. It was rebroadcast by popular demand on Sunday, May 13th. That same day, Robert E. Sherwood, on the front page of the *N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review,* called ON A NOTE OF TRIUMPH "a piece of writing possessed of great power and warmth and depth, worthy of a tremendous occasion."

ON A NOTE OF TRIUMPH is Norman Corwin's first experiment with the translation of a radio work into a form expressly intended for the eye. Its subject is Victory in Europe. It is easier to describe by telling what it isn't than what it is. It isn't an essay, an epic poem, a photo-drama, a play, or a series of vignettes. Yet it has some of the elements of each. It is a celebrational piece, but not in the sense of brass bands and confetti. It is also a kind of super-questionnaire, asking the sharpest questions of the day and answering them.

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